

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol 13, No 40 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 18, 1900.

TERMS: Single 6 Cents. Per Annum (\$1.00 in Advance). Whole No. 664

## Things in General.

THE "Daily Star," of this city, has replied to the article in "Saturday Night" dealing with the question of only permitting British goods to utilize the tariff preference if said goods are landed in a Canadian port. To return to the question itself, so that the matter may be understood, my proposition was that if British goods are allowed the preference of 33 1-3 per cent., that preference should only hold if the goods are landed directly from Britain at Canadian ports. My argument was that as nearly forty million dollars' worth of goods are landed in Canada either directly or indirectly from Great Britain, if they were all landed at a Canadian port—say Montreal or Quebec in the summer, Halifax or St. John in the winter—half of these goods at least, or twenty million dollars' worth, would go to build up a freight business for the Intercolonial, and would prevent the C.P.R. and G.T.R. giving us this everlasting bluff about using Portland and Boston instead of Canadian ports. The "Star" takes the ground that the passage of a law forcing the goods preferred by tariff on account of their British origin into Canadian ports would be a hard blow at the Grand Trunk, and would simply bring further grist to the C.P.R. mill. It is quite true that the C.P.R. is the one now making the bluff against the Government, inasmuch as they are trying to force the Minister of Railways and Canals to give them a running arrangement over the Intercolonial railway which would simply suck that railway dry.

I am not anxious to set myself up as a master of the distribution of traffic. To understand the distribution of traffic amongst railroads drawing their freights from the road which does the original haulage, one would have to be an expert traffic-manager. The system, however, is not difficult, and there is no traffic-manager in Canada or the United States who does not understand the proportion which friendly roads give and receive from one another to make an equitable scheme for all. The Grand Trunk is the natural connection of the Intercolonial. If the Intercolonial hauls the freight from Halifax to Montreal, all the roads centering there would naturally have a fair proportion of it distributed to them. If the C.P.R. takes more than its share from St. John the Grand Trunk would be given a larger proportion from the Intercolonial cars at Montreal. It would be well for newspaper editors to understand the methods of railroads before seeking to make it appear that the advantage one road has at the point where the freight is delivered to it is not offset under a friendly Government regulation by advantages that the road which appears to be under disabilities is afforded at some other point.

It may be unfortunate that the railroads and Government as well come to such understandings; it may be the death of the beautiful thing we call competition; but such arrangements do exist, and probably always will exist, and, under the system which I have suggested, after forcing the preferred British trade into preferred Canadian ports, an equitable profit out of hauling these goods and delivering them throughout Canada could be arranged.

The same is true of the passenger traffic that would be created by the fast Atlantic service. The passenger traffic from steamers, however, is not now a matter of discord, for there is none to speak of by Halifax or St. John, and there is little or none by Boston or Portland. Under the arrangement proposed, an equitable distribution of the passenger traffic could be made at Montreal, so that neither the C.P.R. nor the G.T.R. would be damaged. What should be borne in mind, however, is this, that nearly all the freight delivered by the C.P.R. and G.T.R. to the Intercolonial at Montreal is only what is left over after every effort has been made to divert traffic over these lines to the sea-board; under the arrangement that I suggest the Intercolonial railway could have more freight and passengers to deliver to these two roads than has ever been delivered by either or both of them to the Intercolonial. Under the present circumstances, the Intercolonial is at the mercy of the two other great roads of Canada; under the arrangement I propose the two great roads of Canada would be soliciting business from the Intercolonial at Montreal. Instead of the Government road being simply a weakling at the mercy of its competitors, it would be a great feeder of both. Its business could not be displaced by either; its traffic arrangements would be regarded by both. Neither Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, nor anyone else can make a railway powerful and successful if it is merely the plaything of its competitors.

In railway matters I think I have had as much experience as anyone who is writing on the question in Canada, and much that is written against the management of railroads does not appeal to me because it is simply a local kick which no one can understand except the officials dealing with the matters which cause that local quarrel. Railroad matters, as they affect the Government of a country and the building up of a national trade should be the business of every citizen. If the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific handle their excursion business so as to displease would-be excursionists, that is their funeral, and their loss of business should teach them the necessity of a change of policy; in the national sphere, however, the man in private life, or the one who has assumed some responsibilities in public life, must naturally turn to the policy which makes the Government, instead of the railway, supreme in the management of the transportation affairs of the Dominion.

Of course it is possible that if a law such as has been suggested were passed the Dominion Government would favor the C.P.R.; it is also possible that it would favor the G.T.R.; but we ought to hope from our Government that it would favor neither, and be entirely just in the distribution of its traffic. First of all, we must have the traffic delivered to the Intercolonial as the original and receiving road; then the railroads would have to come to the Government for favors in matters of transportation, instead of forcing the Government to go to the railroads for a transportation policy.

I resent the idea of the "Star" that the scheme I have proposed would cripple the Grand Trunk. I believe that the Grand Trunk can look after itself, and that nobody who understands railway management is unaware of the fact that discrimination against a road is a dangerous thing. I simply believe that if a government has a railroad to manage, it should do the best possible for itself. The private corporations owned and managed by the most able men money can procure, will look for the end which comes their way. It may be that the Intercolonial, in feeding the Grand Trunk, must use more miles of track in reaching Montreal than the C.P.R., but it is also true that the C.P.R. only goes to St. John, not to Halifax, and that haulage and the delivery of freight and passengers at Montreal would have to be done on an equitable basis. If the editor of the "Star" will kindly look into the question, he will find there is a very easy and equitable way of adjusting this matter. That some trouble appears on the surface is no reason why the present abominable system should prevail in preference to the Intercolonial being given a chance to do the dividing instead of being the recipient of the meagre favors of other roads.

THE point has recently been raised by the suicide of a man who claimed that he had no way of making a living, as to the right of society generally to forbid

a derelict of this sort to go ashore where he sees fit. It seems to me that if organized society says a man has no right to take his life, that it must approve the tramp's claim that every man has a right to a living. To put it briefly, if a man has not a right to die, he certainly has a right to live. If we forbid a man to cease living, we certainly should provide him with some means of staying alive without the terrible terrors of starvation and lack of habitation. If when a man is discovered to be incapable of making a living he were killed, that would end the discussion, but when we put him in jail for trying to die, and also put him in jail for not being able to live, we are certainly illogical. For years I have advocated the idea of having some public work upon which every man could be placed who says he cannot find employment. There he would find work and sufficient food and raiment, and any balance that he could make over the cost of his living could be sent to his family. This is the whole solution of the tramp question, and it seems to me it would do away with the pathetic cry of the beggar who says that he can get nothing to do.

It is either the Government's business to kill the unfortunate unemployed or allow them to kill themselves, or else to give them employment. In a new country like Canada there are plenty of opportunities of giving every man something to do, and of divesting the lazy of their oft-heard cry that they cannot find work. If the Government is fraternal enough to forbid a man to kill himself, it should be paternal enough to provide him with some means of living. Men could be put on railways and canals and build wharves and breakwaters, and their lives be so arranged that the moment they deserted their post they would be obliged to run away from the country. There are many people who cannot provide themselves with work; they are so constituted that employment either cannot be found or retained. It may be that our conventionalities permit the bringing into the world of men and women who are no use to it, but we certainly ought to be in a position to make them as profitable an investment as possible. If they cannot find work, it must be found for them. It seems to me that one of the most crying injustices of modern society is that we arrest a man for trying to kill himself and we also arrest him for not being able to live. The jail seems to be the meeting point of these two extremes, and there the man does nothing and the public pays the cost.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN.  
FIRST GOVERNOR GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA AND CONSORT.



CONSUMPTION as a disease has long been the terror of not only Canada, but every other country. It has been discovered, so the doctors tell us, that in its early stages it is curable, and that in all its stages it is contagious. In the old days one stricken with consumption was carefully tended or generally neglected on the basis that no human assistance could avail. We are also told that the hereditary taint does not exist; that it is only a liability to have one's lungs consumed by the "T"-bug, as the doctors call it, which we inherit. All this may be true. The graveyards of Canada testify to the fact that the children and grandchildren of the sturdiest parents have perished with consumption. The great crusade which is being undertaken to prevent the spread of this disease may or may not effect results proportionate to the agitation. We are consumed, according to the medical newspapers, by so many kinds of bacilli that it really seems unimportant which color or variety of germ is to do us up; but the fanaticism produced by medical theories is obvious. Now the consumptive is hunted from house and home in the neighborhood of well people with almost as much fear and violence as if the patient were suffering from small-pox. People believe in the theory of contagion, and there is no coward so cruel as the one who fears that he or she will become afflicted with a fatal disease. If the doctors keep on teaching this sort of thing, what is to become of the consumptive? Is he or she to be expelled from all respectable neighborhoods and populous places, to die in the wilderness, or are proper hospitals to be provided by the people for the care of these unfortunates? If the contagion theory is correct, methods of treatment and hospitals should be provided at public expense. At one time we thought nothing of nursing a consumptive in our homes; now a sanitarium for consumptives in the suburbs is considered a nuisance.

What are we going to do for these people with a cough? Is the propagation of the contagious theory to go on without any measures being provided for the maintenance or cure of the unfortunate? In some sanitariums, and in many hotels, the "lungers," as they are called, are prohibited from having a room, or even their meals. What is the end of it all? One might as well be a leper and cry "Unclean!" as have a cough. To the pains of a long and fatal disease is now added this terrible ostracism, which means that for months, perhaps for years, the faces of friends and acquaintances are averted, and one must suffer and die alone. It is a terribly tough proposition.

FROM now on, people who left the city for rest and change will be flocking back to get down again to the grindstone. In the majority of cases the residents of cities seek for pleasure in rural solitudes which the fancy paints as near to nature's heart. Year after year the city

man goes to the country for a good time, and year after year the country man comes to the city with the same object in view. Each is disappointed to a large extent with what he gets in return for his money, but it is the proper thing to go away from home once a year for a so-called holiday, and so the urbanite and the ruralite continue to swap visits annually, and each pretends that he enjoys himself in surroundings which, nine times in ten, are simply irritating and distressing because they are unfamiliar. People go out from Toronto into the rural districts to get fresh air, nourishing food and rest. As a rule they get more dust-laden, microbe-ridden atmosphere into their lungs than they would by remaining in the city, which is clean and sanitary from sheer necessity. The man who has been tied to a desk for twelve months lets his imagination run riot on the beauties of country life, but as a matter of fact there is nothing more trying to a tired mind and body, accustomed to the comforts of modern appliances, than the conditions which obtain in summer in the average country town or on a farm. Dust, insect pests, bad water, inferior food, the impossibility of getting a bath in a vessel appreciably larger than a tea-cup, and if one is a companionable soul, the necessity of contenting oneself with decoctions that would send anyone not used to a salt pork diet to an early grave, are some of the minor afflictions encountered by the man who goes back to "the old home" to spend his holidays. The best food raised on the farms of Ontario is regularly sent to the large markets, and only the residue is obtainable by the city visitor to the country. Even the silence and solitude are apt to be oppressive and wearing to the man accustomed to dwell within ear-shot of the pleasant and sociable sounds of city life. Much as he may rail against unnecessary noises, he returns to town with a kindly feeling towards the trolley car, the steam whistle, and the itinerant vendor. Though he may have little faith in the administration of the laws of the city, he knows that it is superior to that of the rural districts, and the sight of a lazy policeman at the street corner causes him to reflect that there is more security for persons and property in the toughest city street patrolled by a copper than in a solitude where crime, when it crops up, is likely to outstrip detection. On the whole, the city man comes back from the country feeling that there is indeed no place like home, and as the experience is annually repeated, it is a wonder

you because he sits in the same seat is often a nuisance. The woman who stares at you until you wonder whether she is trying to identify you as a jewelry thief, may be arrayed in purple and fine linen, but her deportment gives her dead away, and at the same time makes things uncomfortable for others. The young man with the loud guffaw and the girl with the penetrating giggle should travel in the baggage car, or wait for the next cattle-train. Crying babies are an affliction to anyone with nerves concealed about his person, but both they and the mothers are to be pitied, and so can be forgiven. But of all the nuisances, the uncivil official who speaks to you as if he or the company owned an assignment of your life insurance, is the most intolerable, and should be given only enough rope to throw himself.

The uncivil official is in the power of the passenger, if the latter cares to take advantage of his position. Fortunately, the uncivil official is a rara avis on Canadian railways; yet he does exist. The neglectful official is more common. I recently had occasion to make a railway trip of more than one hundred miles in a day coach, and in the whole course of the run I do not think the conductor or brakeman came through the train more than three times. Four fresh young men started up a game of cards, and for a time were quite hilarious, as some people always are with the pasteboards in their fists. This was not the nicest thing to have going on in a car occupied by ladies as well as gentlemen. But there was no official to interfere, and none of the passengers felt called upon to bring an official in. I have a good deal of sympathy for the thoughtlessness and high spirits of youth, but the smart young man who makes himself obnoxious in the attempt to rivet everybody's attention on himself, ought to be suppressed, together with the seat-hog, the conversational bore, the staring woman, and the giggling girl.

THE Mayor was greatly exercised the other day lest the City Hall should be struck with a bolt from heaven, and insisted that all the electric lights in the building should be turned off while the storm lasted. It is something new to find Toronto's mayor fearing anything from a skyward source. However, his scare was perhaps not altogether unreasonable, for if the City Hall and the administration it contains were wiped out of existence nothing could be more appropriate than their destruction by the wrath from above.

MANY reasons have been assigned for the fact that the overwhelming majority of church-goers are women. Quite the most novel solution of the problem, however, comes from a country clergyman in England, who thinks that if barber shops were open on Sunday the male attendance at church would be greatly increased, for "nothing deters a laboring man more from attending church or chapel than to be shaven." Trivial excuses for absence from public worship are made to do duty by a great many persons, who, if the truth were told, are simply too lazy, too tired, too irreligious, or too sincere, to be bothered with formalities which may mean nothing to them. Doubtless many a man has pleaded his unshaven condition when his wife wanted him to turn out to Sunday morning service, though his real reason was disinclination from some other cause. A man who can't find time on Saturday night to shave or be shaven, is not likely to find time on Sunday to go to church, no matter what obstacles are removed. If Sunday barbering will add to real piety and lead to conscientious attendance at the house of prayer, perhaps we should not hesitate to inaugurate Sunday barbering. But if the barber is to shave and shear on the seventh day, that others may pray, when is he going to find time to do any praying for himself? It is all very fine for the preachers to shoulder the responsibility for non-attendance at church on the barber, the baker, the candle-stick maker—everybody, in fact, but the right party. The pew, or some section of the industrial community, is always bearing the blame for the failure of the pulpit to be successful at its own game. It is not the shaving, but the saving, that is at fault. The preachers ought to get down to hard pan, and account for the non-interest of men in the church and its services, on the basis of their own inability to attract the modern man or to hold him.

STEINITZ, at one time the greatest chess player in the world, is dead, but nobody will miss him outside the circles in which he played, and the lunatic asylums where from time to time he was incarcerated. Proficiency at chess, or at such games as whist, is supposed to indicate depth of intellect and mental grasp, but it is astonishing to find how many expert manipulators of the pawns or cards are otherwise very ordinary personages, who could never hope to distinguish themselves outside their particular hobby. Many a brain-worker finds recreation in some game of skill, and through natural aptitude or practice becomes an adept, but the expert as a rule is a specialist or a freak, and his success does not furnish proof of general ability or mental powers of a high order. There are hosts of successful and gifted men who could never become more than ordinarily adept at chess or whist. The idea that mastery of such games furnishes a measure of a man's mentality is rubbish. If it were well founded, Steinitz, Marshall, Lasker, Pillsbury, and the other great chess players ought to have given proof of genius in some department of activity other than their own narrow hobby.

A CHICAGO man has been discovered who can board himself for a dollar a week, and have plenty to nourish himself, with an occasional luxury. I have read his bill of fare, and see no reason why healthy people should find it sufficient. Some people, men particularly, drink a great deal so they can eat, and eat a great deal so that they can with comparative safety drink a great deal without breeding a hob-nailed liver. If people simplified their lives they would have to work less for a living. It is the artificialities of life which we are laboring for. Men toil in office, warehouse, and factory for three hundred days of the year to provide themselves and their families with such elaborate education, food, clothes, and shelter as are not necessary to the perfection of the race. Men and women worry themselves to death thinking of what will become of those they leave behind, when they die. They also make themselves miserable thinking about what will become of them after they die. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Self-indulgence in this world goes poorly with a hankering for the best things in the world to come, but it is consuming far more energy than attempts to make today a moment of contentment and happiness for all. It seems to me that if the human family is merely an experiment on this earth, that we have fallen down in front of our task in a most lamentable way.

TALKING about simple living and the ease and contentment which comes with it at so small a price, I am reminded that the man Ferrell, who killed his friend the Express-Messenger in Ohio, recently, claimed that he wanted the money for his approaching marriage. So! Why should marriage be such an expensive and elaborate process that a man is tempted to kill his friend and rob an express car in order to provide himself with funds? Who



is to blame for this matrimonial humbug? Are not the churches partly to blame, together with those who make it a sacrament and expensive feast day whenever two people of opposite sexes determine to live together and rear their children in legitimacy?

KNOW that in some Roman Catholic countries the expenses of legitimate marriage are so excessive that they are avoided, and more children are born out of wedlock than in it. Canada and many other countries governed ostensibly at least by the laity, have simplified the formula so that any one, by the payment of a small fee, can get a marriage license. But what matters this if the conventions of society demand that a wedding shall involve great expense and a jamboree, which must include a trip to "New York and other cities." Talk about the simplification of life: it should begin at the wedding day, and run through the whole piece, including the funeral.

Why should a family impoverish itself in spending money for the funeral of the dead, when every cent is needed for the maintenance of the living? Why do we, who believe ourselves to be so civilized that our missionaries go abroad to convince other nations of our sanity and divine relations, make life such a task, and well-doing such a hardship? Surely we are going to simple peoples to teach them complex problems. This, as China has shown us, is not regarded as a favor. I do not think it is. We can learn of the heathen, not try to teach them, while this is the case.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has just celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday. Toronto and Canada has not yet agreed to erect a monument to Mr. Goldwin Smith, but despite our resentment of many of his views, we all respect the Sage of the Grange, and are proud that he is a citizen of Toronto. I often think that Mr. Goldwin Smith would have been a swashbuckler knight of the old school had he been born a couple of hundred years earlier. Not that his sword, which is his pen, is for hire, but he is everlastingly for the under dog so long as that dog is not Irish. Outside of the limitations which we must put upon praise as well as calumny, Mr. Goldwin Smith has been a factor for good. In my probably poor opinion, no English-speaking man has such a facility of expression as is possessed by Mr. Goldwin Smith. Almost unanimously, I disagree with him, but that is perhaps my fault. I think he is academic, full of fads, and out of joint with the people, but he is honest, and that is what few of us are. His advocacy of losing causes is his best recommendation. While he lives, the under-dog will never be worried without a powerful pen being wielded to beat the upper dog, and we may all be proud of a man who writes for the newspapers and is not the creature of the advertiser or the politician.

CANADA, to its great disadvantage, has been doing an export business in young men. It may be remembered that I remarked upon the outgoing of the Canadian Contingents, that inducements would doubtless be offered to them to remain in South Africa. This has come to pass, and while we sympathize with the section of the British world which is trying to build up the Empire, we cannot with equanimity regard the proposal to keep our Empire-offering as citizens of a country to which this Dominion sent them as defenders, not as emigrants. The protests of the London papers are timely, and it is to be hoped will be effectual.

THE hate of a woman is worse than —. Of course we do not know what hell is, but the hate of a woman is worse than anything we know of. The Boers are now a conquered people; De Wet seems to be the only survivor, but the women hate us as only women can. They do not reason, they only play the game of the war element without asking questions or hoping for results. They are the ones who will rock the cradle of the next generation. So the war will not be over till these women are dead and the ones they teach are in their graves. This is the history of conquest and the story of the world's redemption. If it is hard in the Transvaal, what will it be in China? There the traditions are further than are ours from the given-point of civilization, and the process will not be one of generations, but centuries.

PEOPLE who think they understand something about the big game of poker now being played in the Far East, may be heard every day talking glibly about the ability of Japan to play a winning hand in the game. Japan and Germany would only let her get in the game. Japan undoubtedly could have hammered China almost out of existence five years ago, if she had been allowed to. The map of Asia might have been altered, and to-day the Mikado might have been reigning over a large slice of the Celestial Empire. Thoughtful people who have given some study to the situation are by no means cock-sure that this would have been an undisputed blessing to civilization as we understand it, nor are they certain that the European governments have been wrong in refusing, since the present trouble broke out, to make Japan their mandatory without receiving assurances that she will claim no privileged position. There are reasons, as the London "Spectator" points out, which justify caution in employing Japan, and with these reasons, Mr. Freeman Mitford, who of all men is said to understand Japanese policy, entirely agrees. Once give Japan foothold on the continent of Asia, he says, and you will have given reality to the "yellow peril," and "have conjured into existence a disturbing force that may alter the map of Asia, if not of the world." The altering of maps is a bugaboo that is eternally frightening statesmen of a particular class, although changes of political geography neither have exerted, nor will exert, as much influence on the development and destiny of nations as the great industrial movements that are superior to all boundary lines. There is a "yellow peril," it is true, but that peril I believe to be industrial rather than political. Some of its effects are already being keenly felt on the Pacific Slope, but doubtless these are mild compared with what they would be were all the teeming millions of the Far East cut adrift from their old industrial system and launched into the labor market as manufacturing competitors with the West. The white race could not live in the face of such competition, and the whole world would be revolutionized. What I want to call attention to is that it is precisely this peril—not political, but industrial, in its character—that we are forcing on ourselves through our failure to mind our own business and leave the nations of Asia to their way of doing things, and to an industrial system that is admirably adapted to their needs. We cannot expect to "civilize" and Christianize the population of Asia without altering their whole mode of life, making it the same as that of so-called civilized and Christian nations. If we succeed in turning the Chinaman into a Westerner, we must expect him to be what we make him, but the difficulty will be that he may never become anything but a Chinaman at heart, and will probably adopt the very things we don't want him to adopt. Asia is a great big rabbit warren. As long as the rabbits are confined, all may go well. But if we once drive them out of their enclosure, they will devour our crops, and our children will find themselves without bread.

#### The Earl of Hopetoun.

John Adrian Louis Hope, seventh Earl of Hopetoun, the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, whose portrait appears on our first page, was born at Hopetoun in September, 1860. He goes at the age of exactly forty to govern at the Antipodes; but he goes the possessor of administrative and other experience greater than is often acquired by a man of moderate age. Educated at Eton, he became a Lord-in-Waiting when he was twenty-five. Simultaneously he served as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; the first five years of the now dying decade found him Governor of Victoria, and for the following four he was Paymaster-General. Then he accepted the always difficult

post of Lord Chamberlain. Marrying in 1886 (when he had already been in possession of the family titles for thirteen years) Hersey, daughter of the fourth Lord Ventry, and becoming a father in the following year, when his son and heir, Lord Hope, was born, the Earl of Hopetoun fulfilled his course as the complete citizen, and fulfilled, too, the Disraelian ideal of a man's career, which his wife daily helps to make. As Governor-General of Australasia, Lord Hopetoun may easily forget mere politics; but in his day he was an enthusiastic admirer of the Fourth Party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, and could make platform speeches, less random, perhaps, but hardly less racy, than those of the latter-day "Rupert of debate."



Social and Personal.

Some time ago, Lord Strathcona gave a concert, or rather a large reception, at the Princes' Gallery, London, and at this function Miss Ethel Martin, daughter of Dr. Martin, of 110 Carlton street, and sister of Mrs. Norman Allen, made her debut. Miss Martin has what the "Court Circular" calls a phenomenally sweet soprano voice, and has been training it well for two years, under Maestro Edouard Darewsky. For her debut a dainty chanson, Love's Sweet Whisper, was chosen. The composer played the accompaniment, and Miss Ethel Martin scored a triumph, charming everyone most completely.

Some people are saying that in a dry spell it would do as well to ask the Royal Canadian Yacht Club to announce a band concert as to have prayers offered in the churches for rain. Certainly Jupiter Pluvius has his knife into the best laid plans of the indefatigable hon. sec., and a fog, or a gale, or a downpour is always on hand for band concert night. A postponement took the rain-god unawares the second time, and the concert last month was held with diminished attendance but great enjoyment. But J. P. doesn't get caught twice with postponements; so, on this week's Monday, having played a drizzle and caused a day's change of date, he came out with a hurricane and rain on Tuesday, and the concert was "non est" once more. There was a jolly little coterie over for dinner before the storm arose, and the handsome rug was soon turned up from the glassy floor of the "salle-a-manger," and Mr. Harry Boulrier, pretty Miss Maybee, and others played "elegant two-steps," as the summer girl from the other side calls them. After a jolly little dance, the dinner guests dispersed, and I heard a proposition, in view of the lateness of the season, to have the band concert in the afternoon some day. Perhaps the man in the Queen's Park may be good enough to intercede with the rain-god and secure a bright afternoon for the affair. The bowlers on the Yacht Club lawn have had a grand season this year, and their lawn is simply perfect.

"They will not speak as they pass by," is being said of some prominent persons whose intimacy was at one time quite remarkable. It is not a social, but a business mix-up, which has rent their friendship, and one side is justly resentful of the other side's unreliability in matters of financial import, in which resentment the general opinion quite coincides.

Mrs. Heaven has been, with her daughters, the charming chateleine of the Morton's residence on Norway Hill, which she leased for the summer. This distinguished and cultured lady, who has been for some time in Washington and other Southern cities, since she occupied Atherly, is looking very well, and as if she enjoyed a short stay in Canada again. Mr. George Morang has returned from an interesting trip to the Old Country, the interest being as much general as personal, and sure to be of benefit to the literary and cultured section of Canadian society. Mr. and Mrs. Morang and their little ones are with Mrs. Heaven just now.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin, of 110 Carlton street, are on their way back from the West Coast, where they went last May.

Mrs. Otter, mother of the brave officer now in South Africa, is living with her daughter, Mrs. Stewart, in Collier street.

It is only when they are discharged from hospital that some of our brave boys let us know they have been battling with the subtle and deadly fever of the South African climate. And then, they make light of the disease and affect to think it of trivial importance. Perhaps not even our medical men who have not been in South Africa, can realize its trying course, and though we shall never see our heroes at a second Paardeberg, still there are plenty of them now suffering privations and trials which are sure to lead to an easy surrender, if the fever catches them. The cry is growing insistent that the colonials be sent home, and already mothers, fathers, and all the rest are making plans and preparations for their return in October.

The very sad and sudden bereavement which has fallen upon Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs in the loss of her daughter, Miss Elma Arthurs, has aroused the warmest sympathy of her many friends. It appears that Miss Arthurs, who was at Penetanguishene, had been playing golf some two weeks ago, and had become rather over-tired. On Sunday she felt still exhausted. On Monday and Tuesday her condition was considered serious enough to require home nursing, and she was brought home to Ravenshoe. From that time she became more ill, and on Sunday last passed away, the whole sad occurrence being so sudden that the notice of her death in the papers was the first information many of her friends who are at various summer resorts had of the loss of this much-esteemed and popular girl. Miss Arthurs' funeral was a private one, and took place on Tuesday. Her death was caused by heart failure. To Mrs. Arthurs and the deceased lady's sisters, Mrs. Victor Cawthra and Mrs. Sydney Greene, much love and sympathy is offered.

Mr. Langmuir, of Tyndall avenue, is suffering from a severe bout of illness, causing grave anxiety to his many friends.

Mrs. G. Allen Case and Miss Essie Case are on their way home from England and the Continent.

One of the successes of the summer is McConkey's palm-room, where one may lunch in a luxury and comfort which equals that of the smartest cities. The palm-room is crowded daily, and for that matter so is the court of the Gentiles outside, where habitués still occupy their old seats.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Tallahassee, Florida, have been spending some time in Toronto this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gibb have gone to England for two years.

On Wednesday evening a congenial company of intimate friends spent a couple of pleasant hours at Mr. Lockie's hospitable home, in Spencer avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Gounlock, and several others were of the party.

Five score Canadian heroes sailed on Wednesday from England for their homes in the Dominion of Canada. They were given a hearty send-off at Liverpool, and the Mayor of the great shipping city paid them very hearty compliments. I was asked to-day if young Vickers, whose name is one of those



LORD AVA'S GRAVE.

in the list of returning Canadians, is a brother of Mr. W. W. Vickers. He is, in fact, no relation, whatever, of this family, though the name seems identical.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, of Craigleigh, and the Misses Osler, arrived home on Tuesday. The ladies have been for some months abroad, and Mr. Osler left to join them in the first week of June.

Mrs. Becher, of Sylvan Tower, has not been very strong for some time, but is now, her friends will be glad to hear, much better.

Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Clover Hill, who celebrate their golden wedding on Monday next, August 20th, have as their guests Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, Mrs. Ross Sutherland, and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Richardson, who have arrived from Winnipeg to participate in the happy event. Dr. and Mrs. Richardson will be at home to their many friends on Monday afternoon and evening from 4.30 o'clock.

#### John Bull's Bon Voyage.

(Liverpool, August 15, 1900.)

"I'd 'ave you know I'm proud of you, I like the bloomin' crowd of you." Says Mr. Bull.

"You're lean and sick, and sore and sad, It was a toughish job you 'ad. You tackled it to suit your dad." Says Mr. Bull.

"Ere's just a fi-pun note apiece, To keep the wheels in axle grease." Says Mr. Bull.

"Tis but a trifle, meant to tell You bullies that I like you well. You stood so staunch, so brave you fell!" Says Mr. Bull.

"A few of you is left behind, I 'ope you don't take that unkind." Says Mr. Bull.

"I lost some others, just as good, By Mauser ball and poison food—Forgive it? Yes, I thought you would!" Says Mr. Bull.

"We tho't we 'ad the record name, Before you young colonials came." Says Mr. Bull.

"But I'll allow, when fightin' 'ot, And men are racin' to get shot, By old St. George! you beat the lot!" Says Mr. Bull.

"You've won my thanks, and warmed my 'eart, We'll nevvmore be quite apart." Says Mr. Bull.

"My bloomin' eyes is dim with tears, Oh, 'ang it all! Let's give three cheers For our Canadian volunteers!" Says Mr. Bull.

GRACE E. DENISON.

#### Woman's Longevity.

THE fact that the anticipated length of life is greater for women than for men is one which, probably, has been noticed by comparatively few people, yet it is borne out by statistics. What is the reason of this difference? Physicians do not credit the fair sex with superior vitality. We usually regard a woman as a being of finer susceptibilities and aggregation of nerves, and finer natures generally wear out more quickly than the rougher ones.

In short, women are the "weaker" vessels, and as such they should not last so long. Man, who leads a freer life and goes in for athletics to a far greater extent, ought to outlive woman by many years, yet he succumbs sooner than she.

The most probable causes of woman's longevity are the regularity of her life and her innate cheerfulness. They are potent factors in existence, but they are often lost sight of by the stronger sex. Women are apt to call their lives monotonous rather than regular, but whether this be so or not, it is this sameness which serves to lengthen the duration of their existence. More so than men, they have the same duties to perform every day. They rise at the same time, have their meals at stated intervals, superintend this or that household duty on given days, and retire to rest at about the same hour. They have their worries—their children fall ill or the servants give trouble—but these are light compared with the anxieties to which men are subject.

Men, either through necessity or neglect, do not maintain the same regularity in the times of rising, eating, and retiring. They are more given to pleasures that take them out of the groove, and as it is upon them that falls the responsibility of keeping house together by providing the necessary financial resources, they are subjected to business worries and troubles of which their partners know little or nothing.

The tranquility of the fair sex when in trouble or pain is well known to doctors and others who have the opportunity of careful observation. In ordinary circumstances when trouble besets a man he feels that he wants to kick something and give vent to his feelings; if we see him face a crisis calmly and set to work with the same tranquillity in order to tide over the trouble, we call him a strong man. Yet a woman is less likely to be upset in similar circumstances, and it is this mental stability which prolongs her existence. Mind has an immense power over matter.



Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumers.

Special Importations in Fancy Dress Materials in Grenadines and Muslins for Summer Gowns.

#### MILLINERY

Novelties in Summer Millinery.

#### GLOVES

2 Clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25. Undressed Kid Gloves in all the newest shadings and tints. Chamois Washing Gloves. Silk Gloves.

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 and 13 King Street East Tel. 848 TORONTO

GOWANS KENT & CO

## Rich Cut Glass

Brilliance of Color Symmetry of Form Richness of Pattern

These are some of the qualifications of perfect pieces. If interested, visit our Cut Glass Department, or write for information.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.

## IDEAS ON DECORATION

OUR new illustrated booklet gives in short form some very good suggestions for the treatment of various rooms and also a few illustrations of representative papers. Mailed free for the asking.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

79 King Street West

Toronto



LADIES of culture are particularly pleased with "Portia" Notepaper; white, smooth, unglazed; envelopes to match—extremely aristocratic. Ask your stationer for it.

The BARBER & ELLIS Co., Limited TORONTO

## Will Satisfy the Most Critical

Orders for flowers should be entrusted only to florists of known taste and ability. We lead in the supplying of arrangements and flowers for special purposes. Send for cut flower price-list.

Dunlop's

5 King Street West 445 Yonge Street

## FINE ENGLISH CUTLERY

DESSERT SETS FISH CARVERS, Etc.

OAK CUTLERY CABINETS

We have a large assortment of Cabinets and can name you very low prices on these goods.

RICE LEWIS & SON TORONTO, LIMITED





## Cool Wash Fabrics

Samples sent  
to any address.

Piques  
Zephyrs  
Organdies  
Grenadines  
White Lawns  
Foulard Silks  
Linen Crashes  
Duck Suitings  
Swiss Spot Muslins

**JOHN CATTO & SON**

King Street—opposite the Post-Office,  
Toronto.

## Clarets

\$18.00 to \$3.50 per doz.

**GEO. W. COOLEY**

TELEPHONE 3089 567 Yonge Street

## After Vacation

You will probably  
want to arrange for a new supply of

Visiting Cards

Writing Paper

Embossed with  
Crest, Monogram,  
or Address . . . .

May we show you samples of  
our workmanship?

**The Bain Book & Stationery Co.**  
Art Stationers  
96 Yonge Street - Toronto

Have you seen our new design "Visiting Book?"

**HOF-BRAU**  
(Liquid Extract of Malt)

**The Health Builder**  
Makes Flesh and Blood  
Makes Strong the Weak

The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famed **HOF-BRAU** EXTRACT. Manufactured in Cologne, Germany, where Mr. L. Reinhardt graduated in 1870.

**2 FOR 25c.**  
FOR SALE BY  
All Druggists

It is still a constant source of wonder to the uninitiated why we are so successful. Perhaps it puzzles you. It can't be our location. It can't be our advertising. But it **MUST** be SOMETHING.

**THE REASON IS: The Public Mass Confidence in Us.**

Our treatments and remedies do all we claim. When we advertise our

**Princess Complexion Purifier**

PRICE \$1.50 EXPRESS PAID

To clear the skin of Freckles, Moth patches, Tan, etc., and to cure Eczema, Iry Poisoning, and other skin diseases, and that our method of Electrolysis permanently removes

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, ETC.**

the public believe us. Send stamp for our book, "Health and Good Looks," which describes our preparations and treatments and contains numerous hints on the care of the complexion, etc.

**Graham Dermatological Institute**  
Dept. H, 41 CARLTON ST., TORONTO.  
Telephone 1838.

## Social and Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Charlie McLeod of 510 Jarvis street are spending a fortnight with their cousin, Mrs. McLellan, who is a cottager at Crystal Beach, Buffalo's summer resort.

Mr. George Beardmore returned from England last week. During his absence many improvements have been going forward at his beautiful home in Beverley street, and the "quid nuncs" are again busying themselves in asking if these portend anything more than usual. Miss Helen Beardmore and Miss Louie Jones have spent a most healthful and happy summer at their country cottage, near Scarborough, and are most satisfied with their experience.

Miss Quinlan and her young niece, Miss Gladys Dixon, were in town on Tuesday. They have gone up to Northcote, Mr. S. H. Jones' summer home, near Woodstock.

The Toronto Hunt Club races are the next big event in which society interests itself hereabouts, and from all indications, they will be very well worth while attending.

Mr. Herbert Hulme came east from the Yukon (where he has written success upon his door-post), some three weeks since, and on Monday last invitations were out for his marriage to Miss Carrie Jones, the very sweet and pretty eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse T. Jones, who are spending the summer with their family at Monterey cottage, Clarendon avenue, Centre Island. The marriage will be unique, in that it will be an Island wedding, and will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Tuesday afternoon, August 12th, at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Jean Blewett is holidaying in Muskoka. Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson is at Cape Elizabeth. Miss Helen Macdonald of North street is also spending August at the seaside.

Mademoiselle Trebelli spent a short time Toronto on her way from the West Coast to Europe via New York. The gracious and clever songstress has found great enthusiasm and culture in our far Northwest, and shares the surprise of many who do not realize that some of its most inaccessible parts are peopled by England's young blood of the very bluest, who have forgotten more about music than many of the front row critics of Toronto ever knew.

A feature of summer travel which is particularly noticeable this month is the jolly parties of Dutch excursionists who make a stopover here on the way to Muskoka. The Pennsylvania Dutchmen are so jolly, so stout and so boyish in their anticipations and reminiscences of Muskoka "ohne hast"—which may be freely translated "take it easy"—that their enthusiasm spreads, and people go home to study maps and connections for the Canadian playground with interest. And the wrods and the merry maidens, who often are of these Dutch parties en passant are as full of fun and happiness as their men-folk.

Mr. Cecil Mackenzie's friends will be interested in hearing that he has been appointed secretary to Colonel Biggar at Cape Town, South Africa. He was a first contingent man.

Mr. Alderman John Downey and Miss Downey of Pittsburg, Penn., were in town on Monday en route from the Falls to Hamilton.

Captain Phelps and his coaching party have made their tour so far in the greatest comfort and pleasure.

Miss Mamie Christie is spending the holidays with Miss Helen Morrison of Owen Sound. Mr. Kirkwood Christie has returned from a charming visit to Mr. Douglas' splendid place in Muskoka. On the holiday, I am told, this hospitable host entertained over thirty guests in a very delightful manner.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in town on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Faulds have gone to Quebec. Miss Noxon of Palmerston avenue has also gone to Quebec. Her brother, Mr. Stanford Noxon, now of Detroit is home on a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees of Detroit have been visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mr. Lionel F. Godson has gone to Lake Simcoe, where his family have spent the summer. Mrs. and Miss Northwood of Windsor are visiting friends in town. Mr. E. Monck leaves to-day for a fortnight's vacation in the West.

Mr. W. Claude Fox has been up at Milford Bay on a short visit. Mrs. Fox has spent the summer in that pleasant resort.

Mr. J. Kerr Osborne is home from the West Coast. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne made a trip out some time ago, stopping at Banff and other pleasant places.

A correspondent writes from Niagara as follows: "Society will be greatly interested in the international tennis championships at Niagara next week. For the first time in two years there will be a large number of lady players. There will be four from Chicago, also Miss Julia Welmer, of Washington; Mrs. Whitehead and Miss Wilkes, of Bradford; Mrs. Burgess, of Bradford; and Miss Summerhayes, of Toronto, and others from across the line. There is also a good possibility of the English tennis cracks, Messrs. A. W. Gore and E. D. Black, who are at present representing England at

Newport, remaining over for the international events at Niagara. Among the festivities planned for the week are a concert and dance on Wednesday evening, a cake walk on Thursday evening, and the ornament ball on Saturday evening."

Mrs. George Husband, of 116 Jameson avenue, has returned from Muskoka, where she has been chaperoning a merry party.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May and Miss May have returned from Europe. Mr. J. Trancie Armand has returned from Paris, full of enthusiasm and admiration for the Exposition in his native city.

Mrs. Arthur Ross returned from Port Hope this week, and will spend some time with Mrs. Patterson, of Embro.

The Island Aquatic Association hold their summer tourney this afternoon at Long Pond, Centre Island. The energetic committee are working hard for success, and the weather being favorable, they are sure to secure it.

Mr. Alan Sullivan, who has been spending ten days with his Toronto friends, returned to Rat Portage last week. I am told a most charming home in an ideal situation is being planned and built for the residence of this clever young man and his bride-to-be, Miss Hees. It gives one some idea of the progressiveness of Rat Portage to learn that the light fixtures are all electric, as that is the ordinary means of illumination up there. One lights the gas in Toronto with a chastened spirit when such progressiveness in the far north is spoken of.

Some very opportune and useful little fancies are the travelling ink-bottles the Julian Sale Company have in their window this week. Tiny little white kid helmets, with khaki puggarees of chamol leather and rough-riding hats, in soft shades of fawn and grey, disclose the safety ink-bottle in their crowns; a useful and popular souvenir of the war are these neat little inventions.

On a recent evening Professor Goldwin Smith had the misfortune to slip and break his wrist. He is, happily, doing well, and bearing his annoying and painful mishap with the philosophic patience acquired by long self-discipline and extra-good sense. The Yacht Club dinner was heard enquiring for him on Tuesday evening, and expressing sorrow at his accident.

On Tuesday evening several pleasant little dinners were given at the Yacht Club. Mr. Herbert Hulme, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph and one or two other guests formed one of these, the bride-elect, very sweet and pretty in a light muslin and summer hat. Captain Peuchen had a cosy little family quartette party. Mr. Ricardo-Seaver had Mr. and Mrs. Hudson and Miss Hudson, Mrs. Miss M. and Mr. Otter Stewart and one or two others at a very pretty round table, done in pink and green, with roses, sweet peas and ferns.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Husband have been camping for a few days last week at Owen Sound.

Miss Natalie Whittaker is spending her vacation at Catskill Mountains with her sister, Miss C. Whitehouse of Staten Island, New York.

From time to time one is saddened or startled by a death or a peril reported from one or other of the summer resorts. Drowning casualties are, of course, the most numerous, and this year there have been a number of very sad contretemps of this resort. Campers, summer hotel boarders and cottagers are not warned by such deplorable catastrophes to be on their guard, and they still go swimming alone, start on yachting and sailing parties without expert sailors on board, and fail to consult the weather report before venturing on an afternoon aloft with timid or over-confident women folk. But sometimes so unexpected a peril faces the summer tourist that all the forethought in the world would be of no avail to avert it. Such was the experience of a party of society people at Tadoussac when in descending a steep hill in the hotel bus the horses took fright, the pole was smashed, the harness gave way, and the terrified animals careered off, leaving the heavy omnibus crowded with passengers to bump and blunder down the hillside as best it could. The bridge at the foot, the water two score feet below, and the "bus going 'on its own'" made a sufficiently awful toutensemble of sudden peril, but marvellously enough, the bus collided with a post, and after a good jarring the paralyzed passengers were safely hauled out, from a debris of smashed wheels and other ruins. One of Toronto's most charming girls, whose bridal fancies are now in course of construction, and who is beloved by all who know her, was one of the party which had this alarming slide down hill. A small boy was rescued in a breathless state from the pile of voyagers, but he never stopped chattering Tutti Frutti, and his only comment was, "I couldn't breathe." It is hard to rattle a Canadian small boy.

An informal, but very pleasant, progressive pedro was given Monday evening by the guests of the Bonter House, "Twelve O'clock Point," to the campers and cottagers. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Newbury of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy of Trenton, Mrs. Sydney Lee of Toronto, Mrs. C. M. Stork of Belleville, Mrs. W. H. Burr of Toronto, Miss Louisa Tillie, Mrs. Butler of Brighton, Mrs. Vrooman of Napanee, Miss Stella Pelletier, Miss Claire Cummins of Trenton, Miss Rita Sills of Belleville, Miss Bee Gillum of Belleville, Miss Murphy of Trenton, Mr.



## Exhibition Visitors

### Dorenwend's Building Sale

#### BIG BARGAINS IN HAIR GOODS

Our New Combination Bang. An elegant style. Can be worn either parted, pointed or pompadour. Can be obtained on lace or on our Patent Indestructible Foundation. See our wholesale stock of Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Wavy Fronts, Bangs, Switches, etc.

We sure and try our Hair Dressing. We have experts and you can get your hair treated and attended to so as to be pleased with the result.

The new additions to the rear and the interior of our building as a whole are now getting decorated and refitted, and we hope to have the same finished before the end of the month. The outside and front windows will not be touched until our busy Exhibition weeks are over. From now until then...



Thousands of  
Switches to  
Choose From.

## Extra Big Bargains in Hair Goods

will be given. See and inspect our monstrous stock. Mail orders promptly filled.

CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

REMEMBER WE SELL WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**The Dorenwend Co. Limited**  
103-105 YONGE STREET

## Diamond Ring Beauty

For over a quarter of a century we have directed our best attention to diamond-buying and ring-making, and we believe that any ring you select at "Diamond Hall" will cost you considerably less than you will pay elsewhere.

One group that is specially attractive is of Diamond and Opal Rings, ranging from \$15.00 to \$150.00.

Diamond Ring Beauty that you would expect to pay a great deal more for.

## Ryrie Bros.

Diamond Merchants  
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.  
TORONTO

## Prescription Books

IN USE FOR  
For Fifty Years

This notice attached to some of our old prescription books in the window was the subject of much comment last week. Many of our patrons were delighted that we could refer to receipts filled for their parents or grandparents over half a century ago.

No matter if it is five years or fifty, we can refer to any prescription in our books in a few minutes.

—Let us quote you prices on prescriptions.  
—Quality and manipulation only the best.

## The HOOPER Co.

LIMITED  
Chemists and Druggists  
43 and 45 KING ST. WEST

and Mrs. E. G. Sills of Belleville, Mrs. McDonald of Trenton, and Mr. Jack Sills of Belleville. The first prize was won by Mrs. Stork, the second by Mr. Jack Sills and little Miss Claire Cumming, with their usual good-nature would not take any but the prize last on the list. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bonter, who are the perfection of a host and hostess, did everything to make the evening a success. The large dining hall was cleared for the players. After the game light refreshments were served, amidst much fun and laughter, which made a jolly ending to a rainy day.

Dr. Price Brown is spending a three-weeks' holiday among the Muskoka Lakes.

Mrs. Vogt, of Bloor street, leaves to-day for New York to spend a short vacation and to await Mr. Vogt's arrival from Germany the latter part of August.

Mrs. Calvert, of Glen Villa, Deer Park, has just returned after a year's visit to the Old Country. Her daughter, Miss Gertrude Calvert, who is staying with relatives in London, will not return for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice, Miss Smallpeice and Miss Ada Smallpeice, of South Parkdale, are at the Tadoussac Hotel, Tadoussac, Que.

Miss Ellis, Miss Stanbury and Miss Verna Smith are the guests of Miss Karn, "Woodbine," Woodstock. On Friday evening a most enjoyable lawn party was given in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Daniel have returned from Long Branch, and are settled at No. 48 Empress crescent, South Parkdale. Mrs. Daniel will be at Home, as usual, every first and third Thursday after August.

## "It is a Fownes"

That is all you require to know about a Glove.  
They are made for women and men.  
Demand them from your dealer.

## Going to Dye At Home?

The old-fashioned powder Dyes are relics of a forgotten past. With that new, English Home Dye, Maypole Soap, you wash and dye at one operation—no mess, no trouble.

And you are absolutely sure of obtaining a fast and brilliant color with

## Maypole Soap.

It is a home dye of the very highest quality—it competes for the favor of economical women on the basis of quality and not of price.

10 cents of any dealer  
—15 cents for black.

PHONE 1275

## B. M. & T. JENKINS

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

HEADQUARTERS FOR...  
Old Mahogany Furniture,  
Old Silver, Sheffield Plate,  
Rare China, Bric-a-brac,  
Old Arms and Armor,  
And Art Objects of Every Description

422-424 YONGE ST. and  
1 to 15 BUCHANAN ST. TORONTO

2 Phillips Square, MONTREAL,  
London and Birmingham, ENGLAND.

Upper Gallery and new Show-Rooms  
now open to the public. You are invited.

## B. M. & T. JENKINS

Manicuring and Chiropody

For Ladies and Gentlemen.  
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist. E. A. Blackhouse, 124 King Street West, opposite Rossin House, Toronto. Tel. 1882.

**CROMPTON'S STYLE 497**

Ask to see this elegant new corset.  
Sold by all Leading Merchants.

## WE ARE THE LEADERS IN HAIR GOODS STYLES.

We have the finest assortment of styles and goods in America. In Transformations, Hair Switches, and everything in the hair goods line we have a beautiful selection. Hair Dyes in twenty different shades and guaranteed to be harmless. I also make a specialty of treating the scalp for all diseases.

Consultation Free.  
Hair Dressing, Trimming, Shampooing by experienced staff of artists.

## W. T. PEMBER

Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist  
127-129 and 775 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfect in the Caterer's art.

## MISS E. PORTER

Fine Stationery  
Wedding Invitations  
Books  
Magazines

Visiting Cards  
Engraving  
Embossing  
Printing

Ladies' Work Depository  
**STATIONERY DEPARTMENT**  
47 King Street West  
TORONTO



## THE WANDERING DIAMOND

Being the Autobiography of a Solitaire.

By W. J. THOROLD, author of "Near the Throne."

Copyright 1900 by W. J. Thorold.

I WAS born, so I heard a Harvard sophomore say one moonlit evening, aeons ago; but, like a woman, a diamond is just as young as it looks. Moreover, I feel more youthful to-day than I did when I was first cut. I am ever before and I know I am a good deal brighter—a fact that's due, I don't mind telling you, more to my present pretty possession than to myself. However, as biographers turn the phrase, I first saw the light on the day the twentieth century rolled into Kimberley on a shell from a howitzer.

You see, I had lived, or rather existed, up to that time in the strictest seclusion; my residence was on a very quiet avenue away down in the De Beers Mine. You had to climb up to my little street over some very primeval rocks and then crawl into it as if it were the neck of a very large bottle of champagne—a commodity I have since learned that diamonds as a class are associated with in the popular mind. So it happened that a ray from a perfect instead of a sunbeam greeted my advent into this somewhat noisy and naughty world, where it seems I was destined to a delightful career and to be as much sought after as any beautiful debutante.

The first words I ever heard on this earth—I should say in this earth—were from the lips of the adventurous son of that Devonshire clergyman as he blew a fragrant puff of smoke curling into the darkness. Speaking of Colonel Kekewich who commanded the forces in the besieged town, Cecil Rhodes said:

"If Oom Paul's to get that two million pounds they ought to work for it, you know."

A distinct detonation seemed to indicate that long Tom thought so too, and was doing his best. I could just faintly hear the bursting of the shell from the howitzer and its ugly echo rumbling through the mine.

Without regarding this as an interruption, the Diamond King continued:

"Well, Colonel, I don't think his burghers will ever find me here."

"Nor I, old chap," answered Kekewich. "If they do they'll have to use a corkscrew to get you out, that's all."

Then the millionaire's coat sleeve brushed against some dirt on my face, his hand touched me—and he pulled me out. And there on me the dull light of Cecil Rhodes' cigar, a fragrant weed from old Havana.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "Look at that! There's a smart diamond for you!"

"Thanks," laughed the genial Kekewich without losing the chance to take him literally.

Rhodes was always thoroughbred, so he handed me to the soldier.

"You remember old de Beuregard in Paris?" inquired the British commander.

"On the Boulevard Saint Germain?" asked the Empire Builder.

"Yes."

"Especially that night Kitchener played chess with de Beuregard?"

"My belt was too tight."

"After dinner, Colonel—not until after dinner."

"And you, Rhodes, where were you?"

"Do you remember the drawing room in green and gold?"

"Well, rather!" Kekewich exclaimed.

"And Monsieur de Beuregard's niece from America—with the strange name?"

"Why it was Grant. There's nothing strange about that."

"I mean her Christian name."

"Oh yes!"

"Those perfect features and the melting brown eyes?"

"Yes of course!" agreed Colonel Kekewich intensely amused at the abstraction and enthusiasm of this man who is so generally supposed to have an arctic heart.

"You know I have always wondered if she was the original of Professor Herkimer's portrait of 'The Lady in White'?"

"Same name—Miss Grant."

"They do have beautiful women in New York, don't they?" continued Rhodes. "And not all the uniform either."

"Not a bit of it," acknowledged his companion turning me over in his hand. "Stunning taste and all that. But quite apart from the tailor, deucedly fine figures, well groomed, spirited, full blooded, high steppers, fed on—Dumme! Are we talking of women or horses? I sent de Beuregard a letter a month ago."

"Wonder if it went to Paris or to Pretoria?" reflected Rhodes.

"Lord knows," replied Kekewich. "How did you send it?"

"By Captain Norton."

"Well," said Rhodes who seemed to me a case, "Alan's a bright fellow; always has his pockets full of bright devices. I'll wager he got past the burghers' pickets."

I thought Captain Norton must be another case.

"Hope so," answered the officer. "He's a Canadian and I'd hate to record his name on our casualty list."

"He's a jolly good sort. He was the letter to de Beuregard?"

"In it," said Kekewich. "I promised to send him a souvenir of this siege. Rhodes, I've got a brilliant idea—this diamond."

"That's a slur on the stone Colonel. You saw where it came from."

"Of course I did. And I'll send it to him by the next native runner who tries to get through the Boer lines."

"Capital!" chimed in Rhodes. "and I'll send his niece a message."

"By cable?"

"Good! Why not? Best wishes from

Kimberley."

That night I left Kimberley. I was wrapped with careless precision in a newspaper, and expected after a few days trekking across the veld to be mailed to France from Cape Town. But just at the foot of a steep kopje, the Basuto who had me and a cablegram in his knapsack was shot by an out-post—a soldier of fortune who by his uniform was a Cossack. The cable message was read and burned. Then I was quickly discovered. And there shone on me the stealthy light of the sentinel's lantern—a cunning contrivance made in Germany. In my vivid and young imagination, I immediately began to picture myself in St. Petersburg gleaming in the splendid diadem of the great white Czar of all Russia.

Before morning had come, I realized the truth of the old maxim about the best laid plans of mice and men. The Muscovite member of the Foreign Legion, who turned out to be a refugee from Siberia, took me to Colonel Villebois de Mareuil. They had an argument which I couldn't hear. They might as well have sent me off peacefully, for neither of them had derived his share from my sale; the sentinel is in St. Helena, and I don't know where Villebois is. The bullet bearing the summons from Methuen may be able to tell.

However, in five days I was in President Kruger's house—though he never bothered to look at me. The wily old man was too busy arranging some business with Webster Davis. I have always been prejudiced against whisks, because I regard their wearers as proverbially mean. But I must admit that in this case my theory was proved untenable; the chief executive was very liberal. In twenty-four hours more I left Lorenzo Marquez in a neat parcel addressed to Dr. Leyds at Vienna.

The journey was uneventful, but the very evening I arrived in that picturesque capital I overheard the European representative of the Transvaal say to his private secretary just as he opened me out:

"Wire Kruger for the Steyn cipher—that a Captain Alan Norton who escaped from Kimberley is now in New York buying horses for the British cavalry. He has just placed a contract for ten thousand."

"Yes, sir."

"If anyone calls me this evening say I've gone to Amsterdam."

"Yes, sir," said the man of short-hand.

"But," continued the representative, "if any English or American newspaper correspondents call, open a bottle of Ruinart and say I've gone to see the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"Very good, sir."

"That's where I'm going. Add that to the wire to Pretoria."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes—that's all."

Then the doctor put me in his pocket and took a brougham for a house in the Josephs Platz. I anticipated a treat listening to the two discuss momentous secrets of state. The gentleman from South Africa was received most

cordially by the Great Austrian—a personage whom I found not only interesting but fascinating. He had long hair, very long—and he had such fine shoulders that minister, so soft and round and dimpled. Cold as I usually am, I could not help the reflection that magnetism is much a matter of curves. And there shone on me the dim tinted light of the purple apartment—furnished by a brother of the Caliph from Constantinople. I wondered what my fate would be—I was to be given to this Minister of Foreign Affairs? All that night I was in doubt.

II.

A few days afterward I left Vienna in the portmanteau of the representative for Paris. We arrived at night and drove for some reason through the Bois and the Boulevard Saint Germain; but I could get no opportunity for even a passing glimpse at the house of the expectant de Beuregard, to whom I was sent by Colonel Kekewich. The next morning early I left Dieppe for New Haven—en route for the English metropolis and, incredible as it may seem, carried by the same undiplomatic diplomat. It was evening upon our arrival in London, and we went bag and luggage in a handsome right through Downing street and across Trafalgar square to a house near-by—I do not care to divulge the exact location. But as the darling doctor opened the bag for a moment, there shone on me the flickering light of the iron lilies of the Strand—discovered by Richard Le Gallienne. My custodian, fearing some acquaintances in Scotland Yard, never went out by day or by night and his only visitor for a fortnight or more were a few radical and peace politicians, who argued a good deal about figures. Being in a remote corner of the adjoining room, I could hear but little except a constant clink.

At length, however, I was despatched by registered mail to a city whose name caused me to beam as soon as I heard it mentioned while it was scratched by a stub pen on my wrapper, for it was Washington. By the time I reached that magnificent city of circles and distances the government official to whom I was assigned had resigned his position to enter upon a lecture tour, according to the clever arrangements I heard of in Pretoria. This gentleman from Missouri had always been a star as a sympathy arouser, beginning with the night he tried theatrically to gain a mayoralty election in his native town by shooting a hole through his own hat.

Taking me to New York the far-sighted financier disposed of me there to a wholesale diamond merchant. The following week I was displayed in a very resplendent shop on Union Square, which I soon discovered to be Tiffany's. If I were at all inclined to the sin of vanity my experience would certainly have accentuated that tendency, for the admiration I received was enough to turn the head of any innocent young jewel. I would blush to confess the flatteries I was weak enough to listen to.

One day a handsome swarthy Egyptian prince, visiting the Turkish Legation, looked long at me. His name I found out was Mustapha Pasha. Again I pictured for myself a royal destiny, sparkling beside a white lotus flower on the bosom of some modern Cleopatra in a palace on the banks of the Nile.

Then came a woman who looked like La Pompadour, as I imagined that very earthly divinity to have been—during her glowing days, or rather nights—from a miniature near me in the show case—only this woman lacked the characteristic patch, but she was more powdered and rouged than the capricious vixen, who through the heart of the king always kept her finger tip upon the sceptre of Louis XV. The beauty was dressed in scarlet from head to foot, and I considered the quite appropriate for she certainly gave me the air of a demimondaine. Yet there was something about her that made me think that perhaps she was not so red as she was gowned. She was accompanied by a Japanese spaniel and an old man who spoke with a Wall street accent. Very fittingly, no doubt, he called her Caprice. And the clerk who seemed to know them both, addressed him as Senator Lary. When they asked my price, she said in a suggestive way that her Kaffirs had fallen down. I thought this was something unmentionable at first, but soon learned that it was simply a hint he didn't take. Then Caprice looked at me disdainfully through her long-lashed eyes. Diamonds of high value were no more to her than pearls of pure thought. I would have been willing to wager that I could surmise correctly what hotel in Broadway she lived at, and perhaps following up the clue of her pet name, under the alias of Miss C. A. Price. But the lady or the broker did not touch me, for which I was very thankful—and when they walked away I fairly scintillated with joy.

That same afternoon about three o'clock a young man came in and after he had looked at a number of solitaires, I caught his eye. He took me up and turned me around. Then he looked at his watch as if moments were worth millions to him. This is how I discovered the hour—and also something else. But I don't think it was a wish for any knowledge of that kind on his part that caused him to gaze so intently at his time piece and then at me—for in the cover there was a picture of a girl. I stole several glances at her; she was so beautiful a creature. Luxuriant dark hair framing her face set off her large brown eyes in whose liquid depths vivacity and languor mingled, and the sheen of her hair heightened the sweet crim-

son of her pretty lips. She had ears almost transparently delicate, and tapering brows arched like those in a limner's dream. Her nose would have graced a statue in ancient Athens and her coloring was exquisite—it was her glory. From the portion of her bust which appeared, I surmised that her figure must be lithe and agile and that she dressed most fash-

ionably. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that she was of the type Cecil Rhodes had said to Colonel Kekewich was to be found in New York. By this time it will readily be believed that I had become greatly interested and deeply curious. Knowing that in the long run a diamond always finds its way to a woman, I confess I wished intensely to pass to her, and prayed it might be soon. I scarcely had time for these observations and this desire, than the young man closed his watch and after having me weighed, inquired my price set according to his ideas—which I hoped for her sake were hers. On being told the sum, which I regard as a secret, he immediately paid for me in English sovereigns. This was a point for a carbon Sherlock Holmes. Then he glanced hastily over a half dozen cases and selected one lined with green silk.

"Shall we send it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," answered the young man.

"The name?" said the clerk, pencil in hand.

The young man handed him a card engraved upon which I saw: "Mr. Alan Norton."

The sight of these words, and the quids, at once led me to conclude that was probably the captain who escaped from Kimberley.

"And the address?" asked the clerk.

"Hoffman House," answered Mr. Norton.

So much curiosity had I developed that one would almost suspect me of having spent most of my life in the company of women.

Two days more passed quickly and I was delivered at the hotel of my purchaser. Dinner had just been announced in his suite, but he took me to his own room and carefully locked the door. Then, opening out the box I was in, he placed me, with smiles and misgivings on his dresser—as if I were a candle, and she was a saint, for the photograph was a pose in full figure of the girl in the watch. Lying there, looking up at her and sparkling in the light of her kindly eyes, I knew as I saw his earnest face, that with adoration and devotion Alan worshipped her instead of God—and I did not blame him.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Yes," said he.

"Dinner is served," came with an accent from outside, and with an intonation which indicated that its owner bore the plebeian name of Jones or Watkins.

So Mr. Norton put me to nestle in the green silk case he dropped me into his breast pocket, and I heard him say, half aloud:

"No human eye shall ever see you till you are given to —"

But I couldn't catch her name. So I was still in suspense.

After dinner that evening he called on his innamorata.

"Is Miss Grant at home?" I heard him say to the servant who answered the bell.

The mention of this name gave me a start. I was on the tip of expectation—waiting eagerly to hear her Christian name and wondering if it was one that would be called strange.

The start raised me up a little in Mr. Norton's pocket. I was disappointed at having no chance to see her immediately, but I could hear her voice—it had a promise of a caress in every note. If I only had a soul that voice would have melted in softly and stolen it away. Every glance and action of Alan's showed clearly that she was his idol. Once when she was sitting at the piano singing one of Marie Tempest's solos from the libretto of "A Greek Slave," which she thanked him for having sent her, he came very near telling her that he loved her, but she, feeling with a woman's intuition that this confession was coming, suddenly and apparently with malice aforethought began to play a march in rag time. Ever since I have failed to appreciate syncopation. Of course, that perversion of music rendered the very idea ridiculous; so, in what I thought a vain endeavor to cover up his real feelings, Norton began to laugh and joke—and I rather surmise that this caused Miss Grant to suspect both the depth and sincerity of his love. As they said good-night, he arranged to go with her to the theatre the following Wednesday evening to see a play called "Near the Throne."

Founded upon a novel of the same name, whose coptic heroine I heard him tell her she closely resembled in more ways than one.

"Good-night," she said to him the third time.

"Good-night, Miss Grant," he answered and left—with me in his pocket.

I am sure Mr. Norton wished he did not have to use that surname, but it led me away back again to my birth-day in the De Beers mine. I have always disliked persons who draw hasty conclusions; therefore I resolved to wait patiently to find out the Christian name of Miss Circumstances. I called her this because she altered cases.

III.

Upon returning, Alan wrapped me up in three folds of green tissue paper, sealed that with wax, and put me tenderly under his pillow. All next day he carried me right next to the organic cause of much of the trouble in this world.

In the evening when Mr. Norton was dressing for the theatre, after putting me in his waistcoat pocket—so as to be easily got at, I suppose—and was adding the usual retouches to his white bat-wing, a note came for him. I never saw that note. But Alan threw the crested blue paper and me to one side—and he didn't go out that night. With his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees he sat forgetful of the hours, staring into the grate—as if the embers there might telegraph some message from her to the relief of his heart.

Next evening he went to a dinner given at the residence of the British Consul in celebration of the capture of Kruger and in honor of Lord Roberts—and I went with him, minus the wax. No sooner had I entered the drawing room than I heard her voice—

lonably. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that she was of the type Cecil Rhodes had said to Colonel Kekewich was to be found in New York. By this time it will readily be believed that I had become greatly interested and deeply curious. Know-

ing that in the long run a diamond always finds its way to a woman, I confess I wished intensely to pass to her, and prayed it might be soon. I scarcely had time for these observations and this desire, than the young man closed his watch and after having me weighed, inquired my price set according to his ideas—which I hoped for her sake were hers. On being told the sum, which I regard as a secret, he immediately paid for me in English sovereigns. This was a point for a carbon Sherlock Holmes. Then he glanced hastily over a half dozen cases and selected one lined with green silk.

"Shall we send it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," answered the young man.

"The name?" said the clerk, pencil in hand.

The young man handed him a card engraved upon which I saw: "Mr. Alan Norton."

The sight of these words, and the quids, at once led me to conclude that was probably the captain who escaped from Kimberley.

"And the address?" asked the clerk.

"Hoffman House," answered Mr. Norton.

So much curiosity had I developed that one would almost suspect me of having spent most of my life in the company of women.

Two days more passed quickly and I was delivered at the hotel of my purchaser. Dinner had just been announced in his suite, but he took me to his own room and carefully locked the door. Then, opening out the box I was in, he placed me, with smiles and misgivings on his dresser—as if I were a candle, and she was a saint, for the photograph was a pose in full figure of the girl in the watch. Lying there, looking up at her and sparkling in the light of her kindly eyes, I knew as I saw his earnest face, that with adoration and devotion Alan worshipped her instead of God—and I did not blame him.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Yes," said he.

"Dinner is served," came with an accent from outside, and with an intonation which indicated that its owner bore the plebeian name of Jones or Watkins.

So Mr. Norton put me to nestle in the green silk case he dropped me into his breast pocket, and I heard him say, half aloud:

"No human eye shall ever see you till you are given to —"

But I couldn't catch her name. So I was still in suspense.

After dinner that evening he called on his innamorata.

"Is Miss Grant at home?" I heard him say to the servant who answered the bell.

The mention of this name gave me a start. I was on the tip of expectation—waiting eagerly to hear her Christian name and wondering if it was one that would be called strange.

The start raised me up a little in Mr. Norton's pocket. I was disappointed at having no chance to see her immediately, but I could hear her voice—it had a promise of a caress in every note. If I only had a soul that voice would have melted in softly and stolen it away. Every glance and action of Alan's showed clearly that she was his idol. Once when she was sitting at the piano singing one of Marie Tempest's solos from the libretto of "A Greek Slave," which she thanked him for having sent her, he came very near telling her that he loved her, but she, feeling with a woman's intuition that this confession was coming, suddenly and apparently with malice aforethought began to play a march in rag time. Ever since I have failed to appreciate syncopation. Of course, that perversion of music rendered the very idea ridiculous; so, in what I thought a vain endeavor to cover up his real feelings, Norton began to laugh and joke—and I rather surmise that this caused Miss Grant to suspect both the depth and sincerity of his love. As they said good-night, he arranged to go with her to the theatre the following Wednesday evening to see a play called "Near the Throne."

Founded upon a novel of the same name, whose coptic heroine I heard him tell her she closely resembled in more ways than one.

"Good-night," she said to him the third time.

"Good-night, Miss Grant," he answered and left—with me in his pocket.

I am sure Mr. Norton wished he did not have to use that surname, but it led me away back again to my birth-day in the De Beers mine. I have always disliked persons who draw hasty conclusions; therefore I resolved to wait patiently to find out the Christian name of Miss Circumstances. I called her this because she altered cases.

IV.

Upon returning, Alan wrapped me up in three folds of green tissue paper, sealed that with wax, and put me tenderly under his pillow. All next day he carried me right next to the organic cause of much of the trouble in this world.

In the evening when Mr. Norton was dressing for the theatre, after putting me in his waistcoat pocket—so as to be easily got at, I suppose—and was adding the usual retouches to his white bat-wing, a note came for him. I never saw that note. But Alan threw the crested blue paper and me to one side—and he didn't go out that night. With his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees he sat forgetful of the hours, staring into the grate—as if the embers there might telegraph some message from her to the relief of his heart.

Next evening he went to a dinner given at the residence of the British Consul in celebration of the capture of Kruger and in honor of Lord Roberts—and I went with him, minus the wax. No sooner had I entered the drawing room than I heard her voice—

lonably. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that she was of the type Cecil Rhodes had said to Colonel Kekewich was to be found in New York. By this time it will readily be believed that I had become greatly interested and deeply curious. Know-

ing that in the long run a diamond always finds its way to a woman, I confess I wished intensely to pass to her, and prayed it might be soon. I scarcely had time for these observations and this desire, than the young man closed his watch and after having me weighed, inquired my price set according to his ideas—which I hoped for her sake were hers. On being told the sum, which I regard as a secret, he immediately paid for me in English sovereigns. This was a point for a carbon Sherlock Holmes. Then he glanced hastily over a half dozen cases and selected one lined with green silk.

"Shall we send it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," answered the young man.

"The name?" said the clerk, pencil in hand.

The young man handed him a card engraved upon which I saw: "Mr. Alan Norton."

The sight of these words, and the quids, at once led me to conclude that was probably the captain who escaped from Kimberley.

"And the address?" asked the clerk.

"Hoffman House," answered Mr. Norton.

So much curiosity had I developed that one would almost suspect me of having spent most of my life in the company of women.

Two days more passed quickly and I was delivered at the hotel of my purchaser. Dinner had just been announced in his suite, but he took me to his own room and carefully locked the door. Then, opening out the box I was in, he placed me, with smiles and misgivings on his dresser—as if I were a candle, and she was a saint, for the photograph was a pose in full figure of the girl in the watch. Lying there, looking up at her and sparkling in the light of her kindly eyes, I knew as I saw his earnest face, that with adoration and devotion Alan worshipped her instead of God—and I did not blame him.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Yes," said he.

"Dinner is served," came with an accent from outside, and with an intonation which indicated that its owner bore the plebeian name of Jones or Watkins.

So Mr. Norton put me to nestle in the green silk case he dropped me into his breast pocket, and I heard him say, half aloud:

"No human eye shall ever see you till you are given to —"

But I couldn't catch her name. So I was still in suspense.

After dinner that evening he called on his innamorata.

"Is Miss Grant at home?" I heard him say to the servant who answered the bell.

The mention of this name gave me a start. I was on the tip of expectation—waiting eagerly to hear her Christian name and wondering if it was one that would be called strange.

The start raised me up a little in Mr. Norton's pocket. I was disappointed at having no chance to see her immediately, but I could hear her voice—it had a promise of a caress in every note. If I only had a soul that voice would have melted in softly and stolen it away. Every glance and action of Alan's showed clearly that she was his idol. Once when she was sitting at the piano singing one of Marie Tempest's solos from the libretto of "A Greek Slave," which she thanked him for having sent her, he came very near telling her that he loved her, but she, feeling with a woman's intuition that this confession was coming, suddenly and apparently with malice aforethought began to play a march in rag time. Ever since I have failed to appreciate syncopation. Of course, that perversion of music rendered the very idea ridiculous; so, in what I thought a vain endeavor to cover up his real feelings, Norton began to laugh and joke—and I rather surmise that this caused Miss Grant to suspect both the depth and sincerity of his love. As they said good-night, he arranged to go with her to the theatre the following Wednesday evening to see a play called "Near the Throne."

Founded upon a novel of the same name, whose coptic heroine I heard him tell her she closely resembled in more ways than one.

"Good-night," she said to him the third time.

"Good-night, Miss Grant," he answered and left—with me in his pocket.

I am sure Mr. Norton wished he did not have to use that surname, but it led me away back again to my birth-day in the De Beers mine. I have always disliked persons who draw hasty conclusions; therefore I resolved to wait patiently to find out the Christian name of Miss Circumstances. I called her this because she altered cases.

V.

Upon returning, Alan wrapped me up in three folds of green tissue paper, sealed that with wax, and put me tenderly under his pillow. All next day he carried me right next to the organic cause of much of the trouble in this world.

In the evening when Mr. Norton was dressing for the theatre, after putting me in his waistcoat pocket—so as to be easily got at, I suppose—and was adding the usual retouches to his white bat-wing, a note came for him. I never saw that note. But Alan threw the crested blue paper and me to one side—and he didn't go out that night. With his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees he sat forgetful of the hours, staring into the grate—as if the embers there might telegraph some message from her to the relief of his heart.

Next evening he went to a dinner given at the residence of the British Consul in celebration of the





FROM MAKER TO WEARER—

## Clothing Furnishings Hats and Caps

There's really nothing so jaunty as white duck trousers when they're white and unmussed.

We have them tailor-made 1.00—

White Duck Shirts—75c.

Leather Belts—50c.

Fine Blue Serge Skeleton Coats—all sizes—3.00 to 7.50.

And a Duck Yachting Cap to complete the outfit.

Your money back if you want it—

**E. Boisseau & Co.**

TEMPERANCE AND YONGE



## "WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.  
Montreal.

## Those Dirty Spots

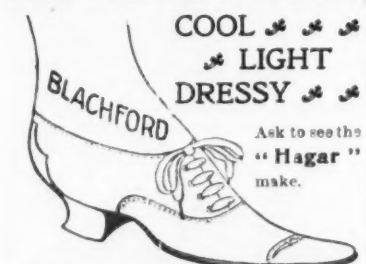
They drop on one's clothing from every where. Men's and Women's clothes do get soiled. But we do clean them so thoroughly that the soiled garment becomes new again. Shall we send for parcel?

**R. PARKER & CO.**

DYERS AND CLEANERS, TORONTO

Head Office and Works, 757-91 Yonge St. Branches—471 Queen St. West, 201 Yonge Street, 125 Queen St. West, 301 King St. West, 277 Queen St. East. Phones—3037, 3640, 2143, 1004, 5698

## Cool Ties for Hot Feet



H. & C. BLANCHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

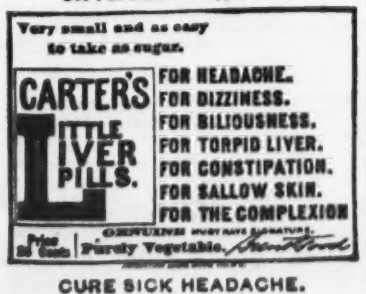
Genuine

**Carter's  
Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*W. H. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"go to your room at once."

"Yes father," she answered and obeyed.

We diamonds have opportunities for intimate observations, both physical and psychological—and could, if we would, tell many secrets with all respect to the philosophers from Diogenes to Kant. I say that I didn't need a lantern to discover that self-admiration is the first law of feminine nature, and it's quite right too, for often love hinges upon the cut of a garment, just as marriage depends upon the piece of corn. Upon reaching the sacred chamber designated by her father, which seemed redolent with her own sweet self, Nazira went instinctively to the mirror. This led her to two surprises: A letter with numerous post marks upon it—and poor little me.

I came in for first attention. We seem to exercise the same magnetism over a woman that curves do over a man. Picking me gently off her dress Nazira said to herself:

"Why this is that funny green thing—it's slipped out of Alan's pocket after all. I wonder what it is?"

As she was smoothing the paper out she accidentally read her own name on it and concluded there could be no harm in peeking in to see what it contained.

"A ring—a solitary diamond!" she exclaimed, and put me on the dresser.

Nazira seemed to forget the letter for a few minutes, and prepared to retire. As she dozed I could not help seeing—even if I had wanted to—that in all her dainty lingerie there was a color scheme, pale ribbons running through the laces as on the sea the dawning light runs through the waves; this evening it was green.

Turning down the coverlets and enveloping her pretty form in a gown of white silk, Miss Grant noticed the letter again. She opened it and read the pages through twice. I managed to see that the missive was dated London and signed Cecil Rhodes. She looked down at me and stood thinking a little while—and slowly tore up the letter. I was glad, for Alan's hope was my hope. But I longed to know if I was really to belong to her.

"Actually bought the ring!" she said aloud looking at me. "Such presumption—just like a man! I wouldn't marry him if he had a million."

Impulsively she did something with me, and that moment I thought of Alan; it was divine to be so close to her heart and to live in the sweet glances of her alluring eyes. Then Nazira kissed me—and turned out the light—and crept into bed.—From "Smart Set."

## The New Arrival.

There came to port last Sunday night the queerest little craft. Without an inch of rigging on; I looked, and looked, and laughed! It seemed so curious that she should cross the unknown water and moor herself right in my room—

My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all. She's welcome fifty times.

And comes consigned to Hope and Love And common-metre rhymes.

She has no manifest but this: No flag floats o'er the water; She's too new for the British Lloyds—

My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones, too; Ring out the lover's moon; Ring in the little worsted socks; Ring in the bib and spoon.

Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse; Ring in the milk and water; Away with paper, pen and ink! My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

—GEORGE W. CABLE.

## The Contralto Singer.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

THE contralto singer is, I believe, a perfectly well-intentioned young woman, and it is credible that in private life she may be the life and soul of the home; with ever a merry jest upon her lips, and perhaps a taste for diverting practical jokes. My complaint against the contralto singer is in regard only to her public attitude, and hence I am bound to say that she is a kill-joy, a wet blanket, a Cassandra, a remembrance of gloomy incidents, a Mrs. Gummidge.

I want the contralto to change her pessimistic views of life. I want her to glance occasionally at the brighter side of life. I want her to cheer up.

The contralto is, it seems to me, ever anticipating the worst. Her lover goes away on a voyage, and any reasonably minded lady, with a moderately cheerful heart and a knowledge of the law of averages, would assume that his return was certain, and would look forward with optimism to seeing him again. Not so the contralto!

My lover had he sailed to-day. The ship is taking him far away. Ah, me! in our hearts 'tis not always May.

The grey November! Our eyes will never look in each other again. Our hearts are sore sickened as tho' with pain.

Now why should the contralto assume thus hastily that all is for the worst in the worst of possible worlds? A soprano's lover usually comes back. ("With his heart full of love for me," she sings coyly), and there are, I am sure, no special sea risk premiums at Lloyd's for the finances of contralto singers.

When the contralto has some real grievance to communicate to the world, nothing can exceed her morbid delight in making the most of it. I once heard her complain in a deep voice, and with something of acrimony, of a rose given to her in sympathy, a fresh and newly plucked condition and placed away; to the contralto's great annoyance she found upon going to it a few years later that it had faded. In this connection I remember that the contralto took occasion to make some caustic parallel between the behavior of the rose and



The Chilly One—It isn't very warm this morning, dear, is it? The Absent-Minded One—No, dear; I can't understand why the men haven't come out.

man's affection; I make no claim to cleverness in declaring that I could have thought of a better simile with one hand tied behind me. The contralto singer is great in mementoes. A glove, a dance programme, a baby's shoe, a pair of spectacles, any old thing is sufficient to excite lachrymose thoughts.

Ah, me! how memory brings the scene anew. Though years have past, long years of grief and sorrow.

I am not sure about it, and perhaps I ought therefore not to say it, but, really, one cannot evade the suspicion that the contralto goes to lost property sales and buys up her relics in a jumble lot, cheap.

The contralto enjoys herself most when she is singing to a popular audience in the minor suburbs. There she can make tears flow, cause handkerchiefs to proclaim themselves, extort the sympathetic groan, and she, at least, is happy. At Bermondsey Town Hall one evening a contralto aimed at song at the audience, conveying information that any soprano would, I feel sure, have kept to herself. She had offered her love to one who had scorned it, and she was now alone, alone, alone; she had trusted a friend who had proved unworthy, and she was alone, alone, alone; she had lost her illusions in regard to happiness in this world, and she was alone, alone, alone.

The audience shook their heads and wept. "Ead job about her," a young girl said, flippantly, when she had finished.

"Ah!" sighed one of the matrons, patting her eyes, "it's a world of trouble. I often wonder what we was born for."

"She reminds me of my cousin Liza," said one of the others. "There's a woman that's had a run of ill-luck, if anybody has. Missed her usual bus the other morning; of course, there was an accident to it, and all the passengers got compensated. As Liza says, it does seem that somehow she can't do right."

Indeed, the contralto ever directs the trend of the public mind to sadness, and it usually takes two baritone and a humorous man at the pianoforte to restore a popular audience to dry eyes and cheerful sanity. Her songs, chanted with accentuated lugubriousness, would be invaluable in the case of fire, but they might well be reserved for such an emergency.

The contralto singer is, I admit, reverential, and no oratorio would be complete without her. I have never doubted that her's was a perfectly good attitude; my argument is that it gives the world no brightness. Unless she sings very badly no one is made to laugh; only people who are made of hearing can smile at her. Not content with her own efforts, she has of late invited and procured the assistance of a cello obligato. The violoncello is an instrument taking views of public and private affairs similar to those held by the contralto, and

## A Universal Food.

Following Nature's Footsteps.

"I have a boy, two years old, weighing forty pounds and in perfect health who has been raised on Grape-Nuts and milk."

"This is an ideal food, and evidently furnishes the elements necessary for a baby as well as for adults. We have used Grape-Nuts in large quantities and greatly to our advantage." F. W. Leavitt, Minneapolis, Minn.

One advantage about Grape-Nuts Food is that it is pre-digested in the process of manufacture; that is, the starch contained in the wheat and barley is transformed into grape sugar in exactly the same method as this process is carried out in the human body, that is by the use of moisture and long exposure to moderate warmth, which grows the diastase in the grains and makes the remarkable change from starch to grape sugar. Therefore, the most delicate stomach can handle Grape-Nuts, and the food is quickly absorbed into the blood and tissue, certain parts of it going directly to building and nourishing the brain and nerve centers.

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

when it observes some slight tendency on the part of the singer towards lightness and content, the cello growls a few deprecatory notes, as who should say, "Do look where you're going!" The cello also, opportunity offering, grunts an expression of personal opinion to the effect that everything is wrong, and that for its own part it never felt more out of sorts in all its life. In the last verse the singer and the cello struggle to out-vie each other in mournful predictions and desolate recriminations. I always feel inclined to back the contralto, and, indeed, she generally finishes at least two bars ahead.

Schools, said a small boy, were invented so that you should enjoy holidays; similarly, the contralto singer, perhaps, makes us appreciate the joys of the world. And yet because it is better to laugh than to cry, I do wish she would cheer up.

## The Proverbs of Piljosh.

Freely Rendered Into English From the Original Syllabi.

By F. ANTEY.

Translator's Note.—The compositions of this philosopher have, as all Orientalists are aware, long enjoyed a considerable reputation in their native land. Of the author himself little is known except that he was born on the 1st of April, 1860 (old style), and filled the important and responsible office of Archi-mandrake of Paraprosdokian. Many of his so-called proverbs are in the nature of short parables or fables, though the text of the "applications" is frequently so corrupt that even a conjectural reading can only be hazarded with the utmost diffidence. The translator has not hesitated to commit a few slight anachronisms whenever he considered that they would render the original meaning more intelligible.—F. A.

The Butterfly visited so many flowers that she fell sick of a surfeit of nectar. She called it "nervous breakdown."

"Instead of vainly lamenting over those we have lost," said the young Cuckoo severely to the Father and Mother Sparrow. "It seems to me that you ought to be very thankful that I am left to you."

"I am old enough to be thy grandfather!" said the Egg to the Chicken. "In that case," replied the Chicken, "it is high time that thou bestirredst thyself."

"Not so," said the Egg. "Since the longer I tarry here the fitter am I for the career I have chosen."

"And what may that be?" inquired the Chicken.

"Politics!" answered the Egg. And the Chicken pondered over the saying.

There is only one thing that irritates a woman more than a man who doth not understand her, and that is a man who doth.

A certain Artificer constructed a mechanical Serpent, which was so natural that it bit him in the back. "Had I but another hour to live," he lamented, "I would have rendered its action yet more perfect!"

The Woman was so anxious to remain independent of Man that she voluntarily became the slave of a machine.

A singer had a small mole behind her ear, which spoilt its symmetry—but she would never have known of it had it not been for her relations.

The Idol went on smiling, rather than tell the priests that the flowers were making its head ache.

"She used to be so fresh; but she's gone off terribly since I first knew her!" the Slug observed of the Strawberry.

The Ass heard the Lion roar, and exclaimed: "The Plagiarist!"

Someone said to the Mole: "What a splendid sunset this evening!"

"To tell you the truth," he replied, "sunsets have so much deteriorated from what they used to be in my young days that I have long given up looking at them."

"A cheery laugh goes a long way in this world," remarked the Hyena.

Any one of the five qualities of

# LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

possesses an aroma and distinct flavor that cannot be found in any other, which will not fail to please the most fastidious of tastes.

In Lead Packets 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

"But a bright smile goes further still," said the Alligator, as he took him in.

"I trust I have made myself perfectly clear?" observed the Cuttlefish, after discharging his ink.

The Cockney was told that if he placed the Sea-shell to his ear, he would hear the murmur of the Ocean-waves. He heard not the waves, but he distinctly caught the melody of the negro-minstrels.

"It is some satisfaction to feel that we have both been sacrificed in a deserving cause," said the Brace-button to the Threepenny Bit, as they met in the offertory bag.—Punch.

## The Original Summer Girl.

After much biologic research. From evidence strong, I believe That I have found out, Beyond shadow of doubt, That the first Summer Girl was Eve.

She had unconventional ways. She lived out of doors, and all that; She was tanned by the sun Until brown as a bun.

For she roamed 'round without any hat. To a small garden-party she went. Where the men were exceedingly few; But she captured a mate And settled her fate.

As often these Summer Girls do. Now, my statement, of course, I have proved: But as evidence that isn't all: A Summer Girl she Is conceded to be. Because she stayed there till the Fall. —CAROLYN WELLS in July "Smart Set."

## True to His Faith.



John! Mrs. Sparks—Can't you get it together, John? Reverend Mr. Sparks—No, I cannot, Mary; and if it wasn't that I'm a minister of the gospel I'd kick the whole darn business to pieces.

## Why Some People Are Not Married.

WHEN I do meet my ideal of a wife I shall marry.

Only let her be amiable, affectionate, agreeable, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, bewitching, charming, candid, cheerful, careful, dutiful, dignified, elegant, engaging, entertaining, fond, faithful, free, faultless, good, graceful, generous, good-humored, handsome, humane, healthy, interesting, intelligent, industrious, just, kind, liberal, lively, modest, merciful, meek, noble, obedient, open, obliging, pretty, prudent, polite, pleasing, quiet, quick, greenly, robust, rich, submissive, springy, sensible, tall, true, temperate, unselfish, virtuous, witty, 'exceptional, young, zealous.

But I have not found one yet that was even rich.

My reasons for being a bachelor: 1. I can smoke without fear of reproof or bickerings.

2. I can come home late at night without having to be put through a cross-examination that even a Q. C. could not improve upon.

3. I can occasionally kick the cat.

4. On a Saturday afternoon I can enjoy a well-earned rest, and do not have to clean the knives and forks or the boots.

"See the corn in the field. Can the corn walk?"

"No, the corn stalks."

"See the pretty cake. Does the cake stalk?"

"Never. But you should see a cake walk."

"I have a rope. Can the rope walk?"

"Yes, if it is tight."

"The hen is in the garden. Does the hen rise?"

"No, the hen sets."

"The mercury is in the tube. Will the mercury set?"

"No, my child. Wait until July and see."

Vickie's Wife: Well, Mrs. Bloggs, I'm glad to hear your husband has given up drinking. I hope he's all the better for it!

Mrs. Bloggs: Oh, yes, 'M, that he be. Why, ever since 'e took the pledge, he's been more like a friend than a husband!



## Porter

The porter with the good fame of over half a century behind it.

It's always good because it is carefully brewed from the very best materials and is bottled only under the direct supervision of the brewery. All dealers sell Carling's.





# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD, Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } No. 1709  
                  { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14. TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900. NO. 40.

## OUTDOOR PASTIMES

FORMALITIES having been observed with that precision considered absolutely necessary nowadays in the sporting world, an international race on Lake Ontario for 35-foot yachts is now a certainty. The contest will take place off the port of Charlotte in about three weeks' time, or, to be more exact, between September 8 and 15. The trophy to be sailed for is the Fisher Cup, of which the Rochester Yacht Club is the possessor. The Genesee, winner of Canada's Cup last year, will be the defender, and either the Beaver or Minota will represent the challenging club, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto.

These facts are chronicled to show the importance of the event from a yachting point of view. Ever since the Canada's Cup races off the Island last summer, there has been dissatisfaction on both sides. The Canadians handed over the trophy with considerable reluctance, although acknowledging defeat under the conditions that existed. They blamed the light weather that prevailed during the races. They were confident of victory if there was any kind of a breeze, but the long-looked-for blow never came. Chicago yachtsmen were gratified at the victory because their club took the cup, but at Rochester, the home of the Genesee, there was a feeling of disappointment because they had nothing to show for the win.

The contest for the Fisher Cup ought to satisfy all parties concerned. The Canadians will have a chance to make good the vaunted superiority of their craft in a strong breeze, and the Yankees are confident of showing that the Genesee can beat anything on the lake, no matter what kind of weather prevails. The Beaver and the Minota will sail a series of trial races here on the Bay, and a special committee of the R.C.Y.C. will select the better boat to meet the Genesee. In this series there is much to interest local yachtsmen, as there is a great diversity of opinion as to which is the superior craft. Many cling to the view that the McLeod design is faster under all conditions than the boat that was selected to defend Canada's Cup last year.

Regarding the outcome of the Fisher Cup race, it looks very much like a question of skippers. Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, who will sail the challenger, has no equal on the great lakes, and it is the firm belief of most yachtsmen, both Canadian and Yankee, that either the Beaver or Minota can beat the Genesee, unless the Rochester craft has Chas. G. Davis, of New York, at the helm. Mr. Davis sailed the Genesee in the Canada's Cup races, and to his mastery handling can be attributed, in a large measure, her success in that event. The Canadians claim that Mr. Davis is not a bona fide amateur, and question the quality of sportsmanship that would import a skipper for the sake of winning a race. The Genesee has been in commission all summer, although she has done nothing outside of club racing. The Canadians do not regard her as unbeatable by any means, in fact, they think it all depends upon her skipper, as to whether or not she has a chance of victory. But that might be a prejudiced view of the situation.

Of the entire 150 members of the American Canoe Association in camp on Big Island, Lake Rousseau, for the past two weeks, less than a dozen cooked their own meals. The others ate at the table as they would at a summer resort hotel, their meals being supplied by a caterer chartered for the occasion. To some visitors this state of affairs appeared to be somewhat out of place, as the cooking of meals is one of the most engaging features of camp life. The drunken carousals of certain members of the Buffalo contingent shamed the respectable portion of the camp, and much regret was felt for the officers, who had done everything in their power for the comfort and enjoyment of the members, but who, in this particular instance, found themselves unable to cope with the rowdies.

Another month and the football player will be the popular idol. Rugby, of course, will have the call, but the association game has made gigantic strides the past year or so, and is fast coming back into popularity. Especially is this the case in this city. In the provincial towns, with the exception perhaps of Hamilton, Ottawa, Brockville, and Kingston, association football has always maintained its supremacy. It is a much cleaner game than Rugby, and one in which science counts vastly more than brute strength. Rugby is essentially rough, and this probably explains the popularity of the sport in large centers of population. The public that raves over its Fitzsimmons and McGovern's rejoices in the displays of pugilism and wrestling on the football field.

Speaking of football, it is interesting to note that one of the four changes made this year in the United States rules, is to govern "unsportsmanlike conduct." The rule in substance is that in case of any act by a member of a team or by a substitute or sympathizer of the team, the umpire is given power to impose a penalty. Walter Camp says that a case where this rule would apply would be where a member of a team threw his headgear at one of his opponents who was in the act of making a play. The rule, he added, was found necessary by reason of certain occurrences of last year.

Some such legislation was passed by the Ontario Rugby Union after the close of last season, so that perhaps we are no purer ourselves, except that in so far as the college games are concerned there is yet to be heard the slightest sound of complaint.

The two years' existence of the Intercollegiate Union has been marked by stirring, hard-fought games, but the objectionable features have been noticeable by their absence.

The lawn bowlers had their innings this week at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and they had a very enjoyable time.

Bowling is one of those very few pastimes in which men may indulge without a severe strain on their tempers. The best of good nature prevails, and all debts contracted on the field of play are immediately liquidated at the conclusion of the game. This pastime is fascinating to the Man of Obesity for several reasons. In the first place, the exercise has a tendency to reduce the superfluous adipose tissue, something every fat person secretly desires. Secondly, participation in the game gives the opportunity to shed coat and waistcoat and pose as the Shirt-waist Man, another factor that will be fully appreciated during the hot weather. There were many fat men in the tournament at Niagara this week, probably an average of one to each of the thirty-two rinks in play. There is not much in bowling from a spectator's point of view, but some of the finishes, especially that of President-elect A. S. Wigmore's rink on the opening day, were most exciting to the onlookers.

Last fall there was some talk of a Canadian lacrosse team visiting Australia, probably in the year 1901. At that time, however, it was only talk. The Canadians said what a nice thing it would be, and held a protracted correspondence with Australian enthusiasts, who held out inducements of crowds numbering 25,000 or more, and little things like that. Nobody, though, thought enough of the proposition to give the Canadians a guarantee, and run the trip as a money-making scheme. The matter finally dropped, but has been revived this week by an offer of an Australian enthusiast to donate two hundred pounds towards the expense of a visit of a Canadian team. This looks like business, and representatives of the Dominion will likely get down to business.

Eastern lacrosseists will hardly figure on the team. In British Columbia they have the idea that they play a superior game, and as they have conducted all the correspondence and are better located geographically, they will doubtless get the call. The comparative strength of the east and west will be demonstrated in a fortnight's time, when the western champions, the New Westminster, B.C., club, play the senior league teams in this part of the country.

### Golf.

H. TAYLOR, the open champion of Great Britain, sailed for America on the 4th inst., and is now in the United States, where his series of matches is being arranged. Though it is understood that he will meet Vardon between now and the middle of September, this does not look probable, as the weather and the courses will be more in favor of first-class golf say a month later, and besides, the interest and speculation as to their respective merits will be much more keen after it has been well demonstrated what Taylor can do in this country. Golfers in all parts are preparing to follow his march through the country, and compare his performance with that of the ex-champion, Vardon. Apropos of Harry Vardon, rumor has it that one of Ontario's enterprising clubs has about completed arrangements to bring the Ganton man to its course, and pit him against the best ball of the two best players in the district. From a golfing standpoint, this is sport, and cannot be too highly appreciated. It costs a goodly sum to secure Vardon for a match, something in the neighborhood of \$300 and expenses, and as there is no gate in a case like this, the amount has to come by subscription. Until matters have been definitely closed, the name of the club and the names of the men whom it is proposed to play against the ex-champion, will not be published. If Vardon does come to Canada, we may assume that before he returns to the United States he will also be seen on the links of the Toronto Club.

The best ball of the ex-Canadian champion, Mr. J. S. Gillespie, and Mr. H. R. Sweeney, was beaten by Vardon at the Eagle's Nest Golf Club on the 6th by 19 holes in a 36 match. During the game, Vardon was called upon to make an unusual stroke, which well illustrates the playing ability and sure eye of the Englishman. After driving from the tee, his ball was found to be resting on a decayed stump some 16 inches off the ground. Taking his brassy, Vardon played this cleanly for 230 yards. This is no slight feat, and the onlookers say that it was a remarkable stroke, and worth going miles to see.

The Atlantic City Golf Club announces that Taylor is to play over its course at Northfield at the end of August or beginning of September. At Manchester, Vermont, George Low, the Dyker Meadow pro., defeated Champion Travis by 3 up and 2 to go. It will be remembered that Vardon twice defeated Low, first by 5 up and 3 to go, second to up and 8 to go, the latter game being over the Dyker Meadow course.

"Golf's" English correspondent, in his report of the British championship meeting, sends a few note-book jottings which are interesting. He says that he noticed the following: 1st, the excellence of the whole green; 2nd, not a single left-hand player in the entries; 3rd, the use by many of the best players of the old wooden putters for their long putts, using a putting cleek only for the short worrying, 12-inch putts; 4th, the entire absence of male and female red coats; 5th, the great ease of style of all the players; 6th, all the players playing in coats, no shirts or sweaters visible; 7th, the excellence of all the arrangements; 8th, no American players.

Lieut.-Commander McCrea has invented a new game, croquet golf, which has become popular in Washington, where society has gone wild over it. The American press describes it as follows: The course on any field or lawn depends upon the lay of the land. The paraphernalia include a set of croquet wickets and as many numbered flags. The club is a long-handled affair that is neither a golf club, croquet mallet, nor polo stick, but a fearsome combination of all three. One end of the striking head is used for driving, and the other is bevelled, so as to permit of a lofting stroke. The balls are of wood, 2 3/4 inches in diameter. The more natural obstructions there are, such as bushes, hills and hollows, the better, as they call for special skill in lofting and driving. The ground is levelled at the starting point, and in the vicinity of each wicket. The course is marked by both wickets and flags, the player scoring by either driving the ball through the wickets or hitting the flag staffs. The distances between wickets vary according to the lay of the land. Most of the rules of golf are used, and the game requires genuine skill and accuracy of hand and eye to play it well. At the Navy Yard there is a course of 1,000 yards, 7 wickets, which has been negotiated in 22 strokes.

In Boston the game of lawn-golf has been instituted, and has a number of followers. It is a sort of mix-up between golf and tennis. It can be played on an ordinary tennis court, the only shots that can be made are practically putts, and short approaches. There are 5 holes of 4 1/2 inches in diameter and 1 1/2 inches high at the back, but open at one side, and capable of being turned in any direction. They are located at each end of the court, with the exception of the 5th, which is in the center. The end holes are played over twice, making a 9-hole round. The bunkers are of canvas, octagonal in shape and painted blue to represent water, while two sets of nets 3 by 8 feet are placed in front of the 7th and 9th holes. Local rules pretty well govern the game, one of the special ones being that every time the ball touches a boundary line or bunker, a stroke is lost.

The fact of new games like the above being invented and becoming popular, shows the hold that golf has in the hearts and minds of the American people, and it is becoming the same here.

F. E. Ridden, the coach, in his advice to beginners, gives some exceptionally sound pointers. What discourages a beginner more than almost anything else is very often the fact that after practising day after day for several



Mamma—Now go and say good-night to your governess, like a good little girl, and give her a kiss.  
Little Puss—I'll say good-night, but I won't give her a kiss.  
Mamma—That's naughty! Why won't you give her a kiss?  
Little Puss—Because she slaps people's faces when they try to kiss her.  
Mamma—Now, don't talk nonsense; but do as you're told.  
Little Puss—Well, mummy, if you don't believe me,—ask papa.—Punch.

months he does not play any better, if as well, as he did during the first few weeks. Ridden says in cases of this sort that the novice has been playing too much, and a rest of a week or two will do him no harm. When he comes back to the green again he will find that his time has not been thrown away, and that he is far more advanced in his knowledge of golf than he really believed. This may chirk up a number of beginners, who are losing heart at their lack of progress.

Mrs. Sidney Smith, of "Tennis and Golf" fame, who has done so much for the Ottawa Golf Club, is in Toronto on a visit. She is stopping at the Island.

The Cobourg Club had its revenge on Port Hope, winning handsily in the return match at Cobourg last week.

The Rochester Club sent a team to Cobourg on Saturday, and defeated the home club in a good match by 12 up.

The following team will represent the Rosedale Club in their game with Port Hope this afternoon on the links of the latter club: Lyon (captain), Baxter, Strath, Dawson, Baillie, Wright, Sproule, Metcalfe, and Ross.

The course at old Niagara is being put into first-class shape for its coming tournament, at which Toronto will this year be well represented. A number of the best players from the local clubs have signified their intention of entering.

HAZARD.

### Notes of the Drama.

IN the "Fortnightly Review" for July, Mr. Beerbohm Tree discusses the staging of Shakespearean plays. He does not agree with the view of Mr. Lee and other well-known critics that modern acting has seriously suffered from the undue attention given to the magnificence of setting. Mr. Tree is facetious. He writes:

"Many able pens have been busy of late, and much valuable ink has been expended, in assuring us that the modern method is a wrong method, and that Shakespeare can only be rescued from the slough into which he has fallen by a return to that primitive treatment which may be indicated in such stage instructions as 'This is a forest,' 'This is a wall,' 'This is a youth,' 'This is a maid,' 'This is a moon.' The first count in the indictment, according to one distinguished writer, is that it is the modern manager's 'avowed intention to appeal to the spectator mainly through the eye.' If that be so, then the manager is clearly at fault—but I am still unacquainted with that manager. We are told that the manager nowadays will only produce those plays of Shakespeare which lend themselves to 'ostentatious spectacle.' If that be so, then the manager is clearly at fault—but I am still unacquainted with him. We are assured on the authority of this same writer, who I am sure would be incapable of deliberately arguing from false premises, that 'in the most influential circles of the theatrical profession it has become a commonplace to assert that Shakespearean drama can not be successfully produced on the stage—can not be rendered tolerable to any large section of the play-going public—without a plethora of scenic spectacle and gorgeous costumes which the student regards as superfluous and inappropriate.' If it be so, the unknown manager is once more at fault. We may, indeed, take him to be a vulgar rogue, who produces Shakespeare for the sole purpose of gain, and who does not hesitate to debauch the public taste in order to compass his sordid ends."

"It is, of course, impossible on the stage to hold in numbers 'the vasty fields of France'—but it is not impossible to suggest those 'vasty fields.' Can it be reasonably argued that, because in these lines he prays his auditors to employ the powers of their imagination, therefore we in these days are to be debarred from helping that imagination with the means at hand? But if we would get a really just view of Shakespeare's notions of how his dialogue and action were to be theatrically assisted, we need do nothing else than turn to the stage directions of his plays. To take three examples, I would beg of you carefully to read the stage instructions in The Tempest, Henry VIII., and Pericles, and ask yourselves why, if Shakespeare contemplated nothing in the way of what we term a production, he gave such minute directions for effects which, even in our time of artistic and scientific mounting, are difficult of realization. Surely no one reading the vision of Katharine of Aragon can come to any other conclusion than that Shakespeare intended to leave as little to the imagination as possible, and to put upon the stage as gorgeous and as complete a picture as the resources of the theater could supply."

Upon the point of "cutting" Mr. Tree insists that the process to an extent is necessary in the present day. "It would be impossible otherwise to bring most of Shakespeare's plays within the three-hours' limit which he himself has described as the proper traffic of the stage. In times gone by, when there was practically no scenery at all, when the public were satisfied to come to the playhouse and remain in the seats without moving from the beginning to the end of the performance (taking solid and liquid refreshment when it pleased them), a much lengthier play was possible than in these days; but to perform any single one of Shakespeare's plays without excision at all would be to court failure instead of success. To play, for example, the whole of Hamlet or Antony and Cleopatra—the two longest of Shakespeare's works—without a cut, would mean a stay of about five hours in the theater. This would never be tolerated now, and the result of such a practice would be to empty the theater instead of to fill it. Modern conditions of life obviously do not admit of such a system. Moreover, Shakespeare himself did not represent the entire play of Hamlet, which was subjected to judicious cuts in his own time—and there is nothing to show that his dramas were ever performed in their printed entirety. Take, for example, Antony and Cleopatra. We have no evidence that it was ever played in Shakespeare's own time: but if it were, the loose construction of Act III., involving as it does the necessity of no less than eleven changes of scene, could hardly have fulfilled the ideal dramatic requirements of even those days."

Madame Sada Yacco, who has recently been portraying Japanese character for New York audiences, is the only Japanese actress in the world. Until four years ago, she was a geisha girl in Tokio, and attracted attention through the unusual grace and vivacity of her dancing. Feeling that she had also dramatic powers, she determined to do what no Japanese woman had ever dared to do before—that is, to become an actress. In carrying out her resolve, she was greatly helped by Otto Kawakami, the leading tragedian of Japan, to whom Madame Yacco has since been married, and who is the head of the company of actors in which she is leading lady. Madame Yacco is accounted one of the most beautiful of Tokio women, and her acting is marked by much charm in the lighter scenes, and by much power in the portrayal of strong feeling. Her gorgeous stage costumes are the envy of American women who have seen them. Except on the street, she always wears the rich robes of her native land.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the well-known editor and Member of Parliament, recently entertained her friends at an "At Home" at Wyndham's Theater, London, to hear some excellent music, followed by a very remarkable little one-act play. The story turns on the love of a girl with some dark blood in her veins for an officer who is purely white, and there is a struggle, eminently characteristic of a city like New Orleans, between law, prejudice and love. The situation is ultimately saved by the mother of the girl sacrificing her veracity by swearing when she is dying that the child is not hers and that she is purely white. The acting success of the afternoon was gained by Miss Amy Height, a colored girl very well known in the music-hall world in London, in the part of a negro "mammy," and other characters were played by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. Laurence Irving, and Mr. Brandon Thomas. Mrs. O'Connor's success will doubtless encourage her to proceed with the more ambitious drama, founded on the life of Parnell, which she has for so long been credited with the idea of writing.

Ben Hur, which opens its New York run at the Broadway Theater on September 3, will remain in New York for five weeks. It then goes to Philadelphia, opening at the Chestnut Street Opera House on October 8, and remains there until the new Colonial Theater in Boston is ready for dedication, when this play will be used, to remain in Boston until about June. The Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia will have its stage enlarged to admit of the production, which will be the most massive ever shown in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Brown-Potter appears to be a lucky woman. Not only has Lady Meux presented her with a play by Belasco, but Belasco himself gave her as a parting gift the Australian rights to Madame Butterfly, a suitable gift, as Mrs. Potter is considering an offer from James Williamson to star in Australia in 1901. The Belasco play was written especially for her, and will be produced in London. The first part is said to be as long and as strong as Zaza, but depicting a different type of woman.

Shea's Theater, in Yonge street, will reopen on Monday, August 27. Mr. Shea promises to eclipse his efforts of last season, and that means that he will give the finest vaudeville performance to be seen in America. When Mr. Shea came to Toronto one year ago he stated that he would give the people of Toronto the very best of high-class vaudeville. He kept his promise to the letter. That he profited by giving only the best is shown by the fact that he has renewed his lease of the theater for five years, and vaudeville is to be a permanent feature in Toronto's amusements. For four or five weeks, painters and decorators have had the theater in hand, and it will re-open neater and prettier than ever. Besides re-touching the decorations of the house, several new sets of scenery have been added to the already splendid equipment. All the best attractions in vaudeville have been booked for Toronto, and when the house opens on August 27 it will be with a list of attractions equal to any ever presented on this continent.

### Red Hair, Black and Other Shades.

"WHY does a bad woman on the stage always assume red hair?" asked one man of Old Tree of Knowledge.  
"Hair is of great value," said the Old Man, inadvertently caressing the bald spot on the top of his head.  
"Indeed it is," said somebody.  
"I cannot deny it," said the Old Gentleman. "But I mean the color of the hair. Red hair always seems to suggest the crest of the volcano. There is something positive, very positive, about red hair and black hair. But both are honest. You don't quite trust them, don't you know. And when a man or woman is frank enough to let you see the danger that may be in them, that's honesty. And they are more trustworthy than—well, many others. That woman in the play is honest. We cannot stop to justify a man so blind as not to know what kind of a thing she is."  
"But black hair is not a sign of frankness."

"I think it is. Temperament is there—and temperament is almost everything in living now," went on the Old Gentleman, assuming an easy attitude, and throwing his head back. "You can't tell about a chestnut-haired woman, or a blonde, or a demi-brunette. You can tell what a black-haired woman or a red-haired woman is capable of doing when she's angry. But the vagaries of the temper of the variegated family of blondes pass all understanding, and the little gentle woman with innocent wide-open eyes and a top-knot of wavy brown hair may not make as much noise or get up as loud an eruption as the red or black, but she can be quite as effective; and you don't know how till she is."

"The Tree of Knowledge" is dropping large bunches of fruit this evening," said the man in the corner.  
"Ignorance nowadays is mostly the concealment of knowledge. It's not what we don't know; it's what we don't tell," sighed the Old Man. "The neutral tint always leaves something to the imagination. And black is black and red is red; but I don't know"—and the Old Gentleman looked up at the ceiling whimsically. "I wonder why Nature had never given anybody blue hair or green hair. The defect has been nearly cured by women, but while they will change to a golden, or a magenta, or an autumn-field color, or a red, or a black, they will not quite make themselves green or blue."

### Forgiven.

She said she couldn't swim a bit, and didn't dare to try, but I persuaded her at last the billows to defy. And, half within my willing arms, she ventured out away. And bravely let me teach her through one long midsummer day.

I've since been told, by one who knows, that she had swam for years. When she pretended to be shy, and let me soothe her fears,—That she has medals near a score for racing through the waves, And barely gives a second thought to all the lives she saves.

Shall I denounce this wicked maid, for thus deceiving me, When next we meet upon the sands, beside the rolling sea? Ah, no, I'll keep my temper, though in truth she vexed me sore—And maybe she will let me teach her how to swim once more!

—Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

"Miss Peech," stammered the bashful young man at the other end of the sofa, "would you—er consider me bold if I were to—er—throw a kiss to you?"  
"Bold," quoth she. "I'd consider it the quintessence of laziness."

Mrs. Casey (reading war news)—Wan soldier wor mortal wounded, an' his lasht words wor "Gimme whiskey."  
Mrs. Dolan (whose husband is at the front)—Hivin' hilp me fatherless childer; that wor Pat.



## Mrs. Cassidy's Corner.

"I'm not the wan to spake against the polis," said Mrs. Cassidy, with reticent kindness. "But ye'll allow, Miss dear, that they're times and again a thrille fresher than Mike Murphy's egg. Mike was atin' 'em raw, an' just then, says wan of the eggs, 'Cheep, cheep.' Mike gave a hard swallow, and, says he, 'Be schmarter next toime, young burd,' says he. But about the polis; it seems they've arranged that there's to be no sellin' on my corner, or on that other corner, any more. For why? Sure 'tis along of the traffickers to the boats fer Niagara an' th' Island. I may move down below there wid the Sheenies and the Dagoes, says the policeman to me, or I may quit—I've quit. Molly's that pleased ye wouldn't know her. An she's not goin' to be a nurse anny more, Miss dear. 'It seems that young doctor that set her up wid the notion came to see her wan evening, and I d think I heard a queer noise in the garden, and whin I ast Molly, says she, 'Mother, them as asks gets the credit of the lie!' an' bymbye Mollie says again, 'I'm not sayin' I slapped the young doctor, but if he's here again I might.' He never came nigh, us since, but Molly's a changed girl. 'I'd not make a nurse ever, Mother agra,' says she, mocking Cornelius. 'The young doctor told me I'd not the right temperature,' says she. 'It was that hottest day he said it, an' I know he was makin' game o' me. An' I'm done with him,' says she. 'Twas not, if you say so,' says she, an' she's that close about it. An', Miss dear, here'll be Con. home next week, an' the war's about done in one place and started in another. But I'd not demean a son o' mine to fight a pigtail Chinese, an' by all accounts Con's had his fill o' fightin'."

"There's many a mother would change places wid me this day, and them the quality, too! There's a letter from Gloria Hughes this week, an' Molly was readin' it her way. Every time she comes to an 'I' she says it loud. The air was thick with the poor letter, and I be wonderin' if the Globe printers be shy of 'I's' fer the rest of the paper! That letter was like the tail of a paycock, or the unanimous vote of a convention. I'm sorry they turned him down, poor soul, for he was a cheerful writer, an' I thought every one loved him, but it seems 'twasn't so. I wonder whin he wint under did he take the Terrapin too? But whin Con comes home he'll make the matter plain, and insense us into the ways of Hutton and the rest o' the Hughes bunch. Excuse that word, Miss dear, 'tis what little Con does be callin' him."

"What'll I do now, Miss dear? Well, I'll take a long vacation, like that lady over in Sherbourne street that has her house all shut up, an' takes the milk in by the back lane gate. I see in a paper that she's gone to the sea-side, but she won't see much on that side she's at, fer the lane is narrow an' there's a stable on the lot facin' it. I'm thinkin' of sendin' a note to the daily papers to say 'Mrs. Cornelius Cassidy is at her summer residence,' just to be in wid the fashion, but Molly won't let me. I might just as well as the coal-oil man's wife across the street. She's 'on the lake shore fer the heated term,' it says in the paper. I hope the weather don't soon change, fer she's a poor neighbor and too handy a borrower. The lady in the big house up the street was into the butcher's shop yesterday, an' says she, 'I never leave town until the last week in August, and so I miss the Exhibition raders,' says she. The butcher sawed her off a round steak, and whin she was gone he groaned. 'That's the meanest woman I serve,' says he. 'Necks o' mutton and round steaks and liver is her alternate,' says he. 'Her husband dines at the Cub in hot weather, an' she puts the housekeeping money on her back. Five dollars her bill was last month,' says he. 'It's not worth the sendin' over at all.'"

"But see here," said Mrs. Cassidy, "as this is the last day I'll see you, Miss dear, an' it's Cornelius's birthday, an' fer several other reasons beside, there's one thing I'd make bold to say to ye. Whinver ye feel ye'd be the better of a cup o' rale tay and a slice o' Molly's home-made cake, ye'll be as welcome as the flowers in May, and ye know the place, an' the new dog's fond of ye already. Sometimes, I do be thinkin' I'll miss the corner, an' the people I've got to know by sight, but there's the daily papers to tell me where they are, an' what they wear, an' do, an' think, an' say. 'Tis a blessin' folks that can't get out do be givin' the daily papers the last few years, no matter how mad some are that they don't be put in them. Well, well, 'tis noon-hour. Good-bye, Miss dear. The Dago has moved below Front street, and the traffickers has the clean sidewalk to traffic up and down to the boats. God speed them!"

AMANDA.

## A Glimpse at Muskoka.

BEAUMARIS, that veritable colony of Americans, was the scene of gay festivity when the Muskoka Lakes Association held their seventh annual regatta. The weather could not have been fairer, and the breeze which blew steadily all day enabled the yachts and sailing skiffs to get over the course in good time. Congratulations were in order to Mr. Ben Wells, who brought his boat, the "Aleka," first over the judge's line, followed by Mr. Jack McMurrich's "Elfie," which was a good second.

Mr. Playfair's "Algonquin," as usual, won the sailing skiff race handsly, and due praise was awarded to Mr. Harry Strange, who landed the second prize.

The paddling, skiff and swimming races were the attractions of the afternoon, and the sweet strains of an Italian orchestra floated from a spot near the judge's boat, which, by the way, was carried out amid stream from its moorings by an extra heavy gust of wind.

Much praise was due to the officers of the association for the interesting programme, and for the manner in which the affair generally was managed.

Steam yachts ran up and down the bay all afternoon, and added greatly to the spirit of the day. President F. J. Phillips' launch carried a merry party from his ideal island in Lake Rousseau, "Wistow." Mr. Long, of Hamilton, and his guests were enthusiastic spectators from his launch. Mr. Standish, of Pittsburg, on his yacht the "Priscilla," had a few of his best of friends on board. Rev. Elmore Harris, in his new launch, "Llano," carried a number of Miss Harris' friends.

In the evening the new ball-room of the Beaumaris hotel was thrown open, and the regular dance was held. The orchestra playing perfectly, to the satisfaction of the large crowd which assembled.

The Grand Trunk special, which leaves town Saturday afternoons, enables many of the Toronto men to take advantage of the holiday and run up to Muskoka.

Among those who took in the regatta, many of whom remained for the dance, were the Commodore and Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Mewburn, who chartered a small contingent of pretty Hamilton girls, including her charming daughter, Miss Mae, Miss Ruth Fuller, Miss Grace Bull, and Miss Irene Tandy; Miss Playfair, Miss Aggie Ansley, Miss Lillian Jackes, Miss Emily Paterson, Miss Allie Rutter, Miss Bridgeland, who was much admired in Toronto during her short stay here early in the summer; Miss Queenie Watson, Miss Beddo. Two remarkably striking American beauties, who were also extremely graceful dancers, were Miss Lee and Miss Neil; Miss Olive Fleming, Miss Davidson, Miss Heron, Miss Woods, and hosts of other Americans. Present also were Mr. Heber Phillips, Mr. Jack McMurrich, Mr. Jim McMurray, Mr. Charlie Fellows, Mr. Gowan Gilmore, Mr. Lane Flaws, Mr. Geo. Gooderham, Mr. Mark Ansley, Mr. Charlie Hill, Mr. Frank Morrison, Mr. Allen Ellis, Mr. Billy Smith, Mr. Godfrey Baldwin, Mr. Harry Strange, and hundreds of others.

By the way, Beaumaris is going to be extremely gay this summer, as the cottagers and guests of the hotel have arranged for three "Germans" on the 8th, 15th, and 22nd,



"Go to the devil!"  
"You contemptible—I cannot express myself, sir!"  
"Go by freight, then!"—Life.

the one on the 15th being given by the American girls. The orchestra is also to play once a week besides, so the new ball-room will be very much appreciated this season. Together with their golf links, tennis courts and baseball field, surely Beaumaris will not find a dull five minutes for many moons to come.

That tall and graceful brunette, Miss Crossen, of Cobourg, is staying, together with her cousins, at the Elgin house, Port Sandfield.

Mr. Zeb. Lash and his friend, Mr. Arthur Murrich, spent the holiday on that prettily-wooded island, in Lake Rousseau, "Family Island."

"Highlands," the beautiful summer home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Douglas, had a merry house party indeed over the holiday, including Miss Amy Douglas, Miss Riordan, of St. Catharines, the Misses Matthews, Miss Susanne Mara, the Misses Misener, of Buffalo, and a number of men from the R.C.Y.C., who went up with Messrs. Will and Jim Douglas on Saturday morning.

Maplehurst has built a new ball-room with chambers for the men overhead, and this, together with their tennis and golf tournament, will make things lively for the guests there.

That delightful party of Americans are again visiting there, including Miss Specht, Miss Winter, and the Misses Wymer. Mr. Curley Mackay, that bon vivant of ever-ready wit and chivalry, is also one of the familiar landmarks connected with Maplehurst.

Windermere came in for its share of fun on Tuesday last, when their annual regatta was held, followed by a dance in the evening, to the music of Glionna's orchestra.

"Giddy, giddy Sandfield" held its regatta on Thursday, the 2nd, and after an afternoon's splashing, paddling, and swimming, ended up nicely with a dance in that fine large ball-room, a thing essential to all popular resorts in Muskoka now, and the orchestra, which is now touring the lakes, played their best, as usual, so the large crowd which gathered from all points.

## The Little Game of War.

Tommy Atkins Soliloquizes.

I've seen it in the newspapers that war is just a game, With soldier boys for counters, an' for stakes a country's fame.

'N' tho' Hengland plays it well, between the post an' you an' me, She never 'as the choice of where the bloomin' game's to be.

We've fought the French in Froggie-land, we've whopped the Don in Spain.

We've licked the Bear in Roosher, an' can do it hall again. We've allus got a scrap or two goin' on somewhere around. But every time we fight it's on the other feller's ground.

There's a game in a ghastian, there's one with Uncle Paul. An' one's a-comin' shortly that looks bigger than them all. For we can't refuse a challenge when asked to take a 'and No matter what the rules may be, no matter where the land.

From the Tropics to the Arctic we are quite content to roam.

But 'aven't for a long time played the game of war at 'ome. For tho' they often 'as a heyce on Britain's sandy shore They don't forget they'd 'ave to pass the British men-o'-war.

Old Paul rang in some bran-new rules an' thought we was outclassed.

But we are quick at learnin', an' we'll win that game at last. When lust the ball was hopened, Oom Paul 'e sez, says 'e, 'I'll drive you bloomin' Britsers slap-bang into the sea.'

An' all the furrin nations which knowed w'at they was about

Sez: "Drive 'em in the sea! Oh, Lord, w'y don't yer drive 'em HOUT!"

An' them as knew a thing or two they sez: "'Ark 'ow 'e raves!"

"To think 'e'll drown the British w'en Britannia rules the waves."

It wouldn't do 'im any 'arm to dump 'im in the sea. There ain't no British soldier needs a bawth as much as 'e. W'en lust the war was started, 'e Pretoria,' sez they, 'Can 'old 'er own against yer for three years anyway.'

But w'en Bobs came a-callin', Kruger skipped with all the tin.

An' all we 'ad to do was—ring the door bell an'—walk in! The game of war is one thing they can't teach yer in the schools.

An' once or twice we've blundered w'ile learnin' the new rules.

But w'en the Boers wins a trick, to' ear the row they make, You'd never think they done it by the other chaps' mistake. They never got in Ladysmith, altho' they 'ad the chance; They said they'd capture Cecil Rhodes, but 'e's still in the dancin'.

They 'ad a go at Malekijn, w'ich would 'ave been a prize, But loafin' round the larger seemed to be about their size. Well, we've played the game to suit 'em—the rules was all their own—

They chose the time an' place to play, an' they chucked the fust stone.

They showed us very plainly they was spoilin' for a fight. They've 'ad a jolly 'idin', an' it serves the beggars right. But any furrer fightin' is just kickin' aginst fate. Another move or two an' then old Hengland cries "Check-mate!"

The Lion's face is turnin' to a distant furrin land. W're a little game's a-startin' an' we're asked to take a 'and.

So kindly settle Kruger without any furrer fuss, We've 'eard old China callin': "Won't yer come an' play with us?"

—Owen A. Smily, in "Evening News Bulletin," Winnipeg.

## Too High.

They were both geologists, gathering specimens in a lonely mountain place. They had been sent north by the Ontario Government to prospect the newer portions of the province. One of them had written a book. The other, looking about one day with a field-glass, saw his friend occupied a long time—unobserved, as he thought—in rolling a great stone downhill, and at dinner questioned him about it.

He pretended at first that he had been doing it for exercise, but, hard pressed, confessed.

"Well, the fact is, the confounded thing was two hundred feet too high to suit my theory."

## The Onion Cure.



HEY were talking about their ailments, and the microbe-laden air, and a few cheerful subjects like that, and of how business was dull and war not half as big a trade-promoter as it was cracked up to be, and then they took to counting up how many advertisements they'd passed on the streets setting forth the virtues of various medicines, and they began to calculate how much money people as a rule spent in curing themselves.

"See here," said the fat man, "if you'd only read the papers a corner among druggists and doctors to suppress information on the subject. It's a dead-sure cure, cheap, and within the reach of the poorest person. I suppose that's the reason it isn't much thought of. Yet it's powerful, pleasant to the palate, produces sleep, promotes digestion, can be grown in a corner of your back yard, or bought for a trifle from the vegetable-man. It is, and always has been, used by all good cooks, but in too homeopathic quantities to give it a fair chance. You can take it raw, cooked, fried or boiled, by itself, or with other food, at meals or before them, whenever you like, and as often, and the result will be healthful, and you can take your hot-water treatment at the same time, without either hurting the other."

His friend asked him to name his wonderful cure, and he did so with a voice that had a proper timidity about it, but which penetrated to my side of the car: "A diet of onions," he said. "Eat them for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and in a short time your friends won't know you."

I felt sure of it. It is rather a ghastly prospect to think of all our dyspepsies setting out to cure themselves in this way, but after the peppermint craze one can never tell what will become popular. The general public would certainly find it trying until they were educated up to appreciate its wholesomeness, but there are, I suppose, individuals to whom it would be advantageous. It would be a boon to people who are longing for solitude and the exclusive enjoyment of their own society, and the truly pious, while taking the treatment, might drop the "odor of sanctity" which their friends feel so wearing. Sanitary inspectors would no longer be made miserable by complaints of sewer gas and by-lane emanations, and delicate people who don't know what is the matter with them, could insist on being sent to Bermuda, to winter among her onion beds and lily fields.

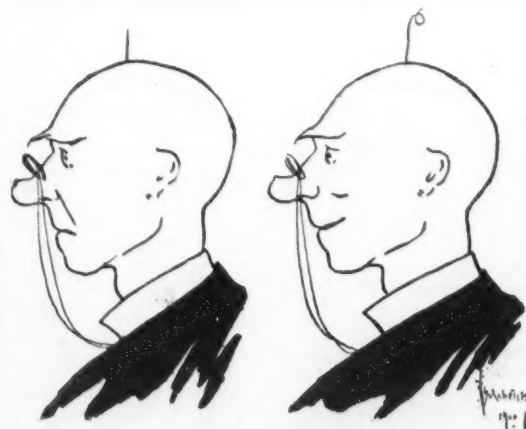
There really seems something in the idea—there often is in those corner newspaper items. Perhaps we ought to thresh it out. The fact of our not liking them has nothing to do with the intrinsic value of medicinal experiments. Nature, for all we know, may in that charming island be working out a great health giving design for many of the ills that flesh is heir to. Lilies and onions smell far apart, yet there they grow in beauty side by side. The useful and the ornamental are too often, in our ideas, divorced from each other; there they flourish in kindred fields. If my fat street car friend is right, there may be a subtle affinity between them that means health and happiness. Who would object to sending away those who want to try for themselves?

Of course, for those who cannot travel, we must immediately provide an isolation hospital in a waste spot, guaranteed to isolate. Most of us would consent to banish the onion eater from our midst. One cannot tell how many people have already begun this dietary course, but one meets them too often in church, concert and car, and we could spare them, especially in the dog-days, when the vegetable is young, vigorous, and pungent.

J. M. LOES.

## An Exhibition of Nerve.

M R. ELLSWORTH HAGUE, of Montreal, was recently interviewed in New York by a "Tribune" reporter in regard to winter sports in Canada. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Hague said: "One of the newest seasons ever done in Montreal occurred there in a winter season some fifteen years ago. It was perpetrated by a countryman of yours, and was the result of an after-dinner wager made in one of our clubs. The 'American' laid a heavy amount that he would go down one of the straight toboggan slides on skates. It was a thing that had never been attempted in Montreal, and one I do not think is likely to grow popular, for a fall would result in almost certain death or in injury so frightful as to make death seem preferable by comparison. The 'American' took all bets, and when the time arrived for the trial he appeared with a pair of old-fashioned skates, generally called 'rockers.' You probably know the kind—where the steel is in the form of a half moon from toe to heel, the blade is all circle, and affords no semblance of an angle to offer resistance. They were a very popular skate in the sixties and seventies, but no man but an expert could use them. It was an exceedingly wise choice, for a skate with a straight runner would have deflected or jumped at a small obstacle, which the rocker, on the other hand, would pass safely over. When the appointed hour arrived, and the man appeared, far away at the head of the slide, all present held their breath. It did not seem possible that he could make that fearful descent in safety, and a majority of those present looked for him to pitch over the low sides and to be killed in the fall. With hardly a moment's delay he started. At first he seemed to move slowly, and then his speed rapidly increased. Everybody waited for the fall that did not come. Stiffly erect that black figure descended quickly and yet more quickly. Half way down his speed was so great that it seemed to the onlookers beyond human endurance for him to retain his balance longer. Yet, flying ever faster and ever standing erect, he held on until he struck the level at the foot. Shooting out on this like a cannon ball, he crossed to the soft snow like a streak of light. Then his speed materially decreased, and when his snow-clogged skates finally pitched him headlong, he received no injury. He was up in a trice without assistance, and his first words were a request for a drink. About twenty were handed him. Beyond a slight pallor, he showed no sign of the great strain he had undergone, and I never heard that he afterward suffered from it. Without exception it was the most wonderful feat of balance and simon pure



I. Mr. Baldpate—Before I used that wonderful hair-restorer my hair was short and stiff, but after I used it, it was

II. long and curly.

nerve I ever read of or saw. When the dinner came off, that was part of the bet, it was what is politely termed an event. It began with oysters and ended with the next morning's breakfast. Anything that chap wanted in Montreal he had but to ask for. He could have lived there all the rest of his days free of charge. But after two weeks of it he packed up and went away. He gave as his reason that, while it was pleasant to have the freedom of a city and everything supplied to you gratis, he thought that if he stayed his demise would occur in about three months; he, therefore, preferred to go off somewhere else, and by supporting himself he was able to live to a hoary old age."

## King Humbert and His Queen.

IF anything could add additional gloom and pathos to the assassination of King Humbert, it would be the fact that he met his death at his beloved Monza, writes T. P. O'Connor. As soon as Parliament prorogued it was the inevitable custom for the King and Queen of Italy to leave the intolerably hot and trying air of Rome for the freshness and beauty of their estate near the quiet little Milanese town. And during the months of July and August any visitor to Monza might see King Humbert driving down in a low country cart, like any private gentleman, through the narrow streets of the picturesque little village.

Undoubtedly, the happiest hours of King Humbert's life were those he spent at Monza Castle, for there, relieved from the routine of government he found so irksome, he could give full play to his love of agriculture and gardening. The park is one of the largest in Italy, and was originally planned and laid out by Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy under Napoleon I. It is inexpressibly sad to think of the king meeting his death amid surroundings in which he tried to forget his kingship and to become a simple, genial, gossipy neighbor for his acquaintances and his people.

The thoughts of the world are arrested by the terrible tragedy of which the unfortunate king was the victim; but the hearts of the world turn in sympathy to the mourning Queen Margherita. It will be remembered how, as a young bride, she was present at what may be called (if the flippant expression can be excused) a rehearsal of this last terrible act. She was in the carriage when the half-crazy cook Passanante dashed at the king with an open knife the year after his accession. The queen sustained such a serious nervous shock on that occasion, that many say she never afterwards showed the bright insouciance which was hers as a girl in a marked degree.

"As a Piedmontese," wrote Count Paul Vassili, "he is a perfect gentleman, a brilliant cavalry officer, serious and grave, detesting frivolity. The king has a horror of brag, exaggeration, and superlative epithets. . . . Humbert I., both as crown prince and as king, has always been in the habit of carefully perusing all the papers, so as to keep himself au courant of public opinion. His Majesty, however, never takes up a book. Like his forefathers, he knows nothing of political philosophy; to compensate for this void in his mental temperament he is a singularly upright man, and gifted with rare good sense. The king's writing-room and the queen's boudoir are separated by a passage, in which is heard about every minute 'Marguerite!'—for His Majesty consults his fair consort about everything, has a profound respect for her character, and is tenderly attached to her."

Many pleasant tales are told of the domestic life of the royal pair. King Humbert's hair went white quite suddenly, and no argument of the queen's would persuade him to dye it. She accordingly sent for a large supply of the newest hair-dye from Paris, and left it, with instructions for its use, in the king's dressing-room. He said nothing, but a day or two later the queen's favorite poodle ran into her room, no longer a marvel of whiteness, but as black as hair-dye could make it! The queen's one failing is a tendency to dressiness, with the inevitable attendant extravagance. One Christmas morning she found a complete pile of milliners' and dressmakers' bills, receipted, beneath her table-napkin. There was no other present, and the hint is said to have told.

Here is a story told by the Prince of Naples: The queen had taken to wearing glasses when reading, and the king did not like to see them. "Margherita, put down those glasses," he said, but was not obeyed. Then papa said, "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses I shall sing." And mamma has such a dread of papa's false notes that she obeys at once to save herself from that torment. The king was no singer and no reader, and it is doubtful whether the art treasures of his capital meant much to him. The literary and artistic side was left to the queen, whose apartments are filled with books, and who has at all times made great friends of the leading Italian authors of the day. Humbert was a fearless climber and a mighty chamois hunter, like his father before him. He laughed at umbrellas, no matter how heavy the rain, nor could the sun ever be too powerful for him to stand bareheaded at an open-air function. Hardiness was, in fact, an essential element of his nature, in which he gloried.

Like Victor Emmanuel, he had been a tremendous smoker; but it was proved to him that the habit was to some extent undermining his health, and "on the faith of a king" he promised never to touch cigar or pipe again. What is more wonderful is that he kept the vow. He was a capital talker, who could tell the funniest stories without moving a muscle. He had, indeed, absolute command over himself. And that quality it was, along with his kindly nature and the manly constitutional instincts that he inherited, which made him, with all his want of genius, a thoroughly good second sovereign of United Italy.

## Ninety-eight in the Shade.

Perspiration is almost peculiar to men, monkeys, and horses. The use of perspiration is mainly to cool the body by its evaporation, and in animals that perspire but little the cooling of the body is effected by evaporation from the lungs, as we see in the case of a panting dog.

The amount of perspiration varies greatly, according to the temperature of the surrounding air, the condition of health, and the degree of exercise taken. The average amount of perspiration is thought to be about two pints a day, but this is of course much increased in hot weather.

In damp weather evaporation from the skin is lessened, and so one seems to perspire more profusely than in dry weather; but this is only apparent, for really perspiration is lessened when the atmosphere is charged with moisture.

The treatment of profuse perspiration depends upon the cause. Tonics, cold or cool bathing—especially salt bathing—temperate exercise, and rubbing of the skin, are useful in cases dependent upon general debility. Spraying or sponging the body with vinegar and water, or a solution of tannin or of boric acid is useful.—From "Answers."

## Some Aphorisms from Miss Wharton's New Book.

From Miss Wharton's new book, A Gift from the Grave, we take the appended aphorisms:

Vanity contents itself with the coarsest diet; there is no palate so fastidious as that of self-distraction.

Genius is of small use to a woman who does not know how to do her hair.

In the dissolution of sentimental partnerships it is seldom that both associates are able to withdraw their funds at the same time.

Posterity pays the cost of keeping one up, but on condition that one is always open to the public.

We live in our own souls as in an unmapped region.

We all like our wrongdoings to have a becoming cut. Only the fact that we are unaware how well our nearest know us enables us to live with them. Love is the most impenetrable refuge of self-esteem, and we hate the eye that reaches to our nakedness.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "the prisoner's plea is insanity. That is a question to be settled. Is he insane or not? On that point he is to be judged by a jury of his peers."



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen  
 Aller, Saturday, Sept. 1, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Sept. 4, 10 a.m.  
 Lahn, Tuesday, Sept. 11, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiserin Marie Theresia, Tuesday, Sept. 18, 10 a.m.  
 Aller, Thursday, Sept. 27, 10 a.m.

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen  
 Friedrich der Grosse, Thursday, Aug. 30, 10 a.m.  
 Grosser Kurfurst, Thursday, Sept. 6, 2 p.m.  
 Barbarossa, Thursday, Sept. 20, 9 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN  
 SIBIRIAN  
 Naples, Genoa  
 Ems, September 1; Werra, September 15;  
 Kaiser Wm. II., September 22; Ems, October 6;  
 Werra, October 20.

## BARLOW CUMBERLAND

73 Yonge Street, Toronto

## AMERICAN LINE

Fast Express Service  
 New York—Southampton—London  
 Calling Westbound at Cherbourg  
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Aug. 15; New York, Aug. 29;  
 St. Louis, Aug. 15; New York, Sept. 3

## RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris  
 Every Wednesday at 12 noon.  
 Aragon, Aug. 15; Friesland, Aug. 29;  
 Noordland, Aug. 22; Southwark, Sept. 5

"These steamers carry cabin and third-class passengers at low rates."

International Navigation Company  
 73 Broadway, cor. Rector Street  
 Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

## SEA RESORTS

Prince Edward Island Coast, Halifax and vicinity. Fortnightly sailings by S.S. Campana, August 27.

## UPPER LAKES

Cleveland, Detroit, All water trips.

## BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Steamship Agent, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto

## The New York &amp; Cuba Mail Steamship Co.

For Havana, Mexico, Nassau, Santiago

## R. M. MELVILLE

Can. Pass. Agent  
 40 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

## Empire State Express via New York Central.

Fastest train in the world. Leaves Buffalo at 1 p.m., arrives New York 10 p.m. same day. C.P.R. train leaving Toronto at 9:45 a.m. makes direct connection at Buffalo with this train. Returning, leave New York 5:30 a.m., arrive Buffalo 4:45 p.m., thus making the run of 480 miles in eight hours and fifteen minutes. See that your tickets read by the great four track line, and you have the best.

## Chicago and Return.

On August 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th the Wabash Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets from Niagara Falls, N.Y., or Detroit to Chicago at over \$2 less than the one-way fare tickets, good to return August 31st. By payment of 50 cents to joint agent at Chicago tickets can be extended until September 30th, 1900. Four solid wide vestibule trains each way daily to Chicago, without change. Full particulars at Wabash Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent.

## Anecdotal.

The late Sir Joseph Barnby was noted for his capacity for smart repartee. The following is said to be a true story:

A young contralto who is already known for her very fine voice was engaged at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph was conducting, and in the course of rehearsal she was singing one of her solos. At the end of the solo she put in a high note instead of the low effective note usually sung. This innovation from so young a performer shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked if Miss — thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel.

"Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off."

"Miss —," rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here."

Miss Netherlands must be as interesting a woman in private life, by the way, as she is on the stage. Here is a story about her that hails from Philadelphia. The courage of Casablanca was not in it when contrasted with that of the English actress, at the Lafayette hotel fire. Miss Netherlands "descended the stairs nonchalantly," according to one reporter's notes, "carrying her poodle-dog, Barry, in her arms." Barry, by the way, is a stout colt, not a poodle; and this description consequently aroused the critical comment of a New York man, who concluded that Olga had gained muscular development through her Carmen performances. Miss Netherlands has a brother, Louis, who sends around literature about his clever sister. Louis is more English than Olga and is so sympathetic of temperament that the Lafayette hotel affair did not disturb him in the least. When the

smoke poured in at his window he rang the patent annunciator, which told the clerks that a porter was wanted in his room to take out the trunks. By this time the porters were hurrying away to save their lives, and Louis came down to the office amid smoke and flames and complained of the beastly service in American hotels.

They breakfasted together, and the following conversation ensued:

"I guess I'll turn out to see Harry, after breakfast," said the Englishman.

"Harry?" queried the American softly.

"Yes, my brother," explained the Englishman. "I've two here. Harry lives in San Francisco, and Charlie in Chicago."

"But you'll be back for dinner?" facetiously asked the American.

The Britisher took him seriously. "Sure for dinner, if not for lunch," he answered. And accompanied by his friend, now thoroughly alive to the humor of the incident, he found himself a few minutes later in the line of ticket-buyers in the Grand Central Depot.

"An excursion ticket to San Francisco, stopping at Chicago station on return," he ordered.

The ticket agent put about a quarter of a mile of pasteboard under his stamp, pounding it for a minute or more, thrust it before the explorer and expectantly awaited payment.

"When does the train go?" asked the Englishman.

"In ten minutes," was the answer.

"How much is it?"

"One hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"What?" the Englishman gasped.

"How far is it?"

"Three thousand miles."

"Dear me! What a country!"

A sister of the late E. P. Roe tells an amusing story of the first lesson which she and her brother ever received in Roman history.

"Among our most loved and honored guests, during our childhood, was Dr. Samuel Cox, for many years a prominent clergyman in New York. At times our conversation turned on history, and I remember, on one occasion, he asked Edward and me if we could give him the names of the first Roman Triumvirate."

At this period of our existence the name "Caesar" was associated exclusively with an old colored man, whom we often visited, and who lived upon a lonely road in the neighborhood. We were vastly astonished, therefore, to learn that the name had ever been borne by a more illustrious person than our dusky friend, but we listened entranced to the story of the rivalries of Caesar and Pompey for the empire of the world.

Unhappily the good doctor could not remember the name of the third triumvir, and the lack troubled him greatly. That night, about two o'clock, I was startled by a loud knock on my bedroom door, and Doctor Cox called out:

"Mary, are you awake?"

I replied that I was—as indeed was everyone else in the house by that time.

"It's Crassus," said the doctor and then he returned to his room, greatly relieved.

Neither Edward nor I ever forgot that first lesson in Roman history."

## Only One Way

To Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all Other Stomach Troubles.

That Way is to Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—Every Tablet Taken is a Step Away From Death—They Are the Only Cure.

We have only one lifetime to live upon earth. Every sane man and woman desires to be happy during life. Only insane people commit suicide deliberately and intentionally.

But thousands of people kill themselves just as truly and surely as if they jumped into a river, blew their brains out or hanged themselves, although they don't realize that they are doing so. Everyone who allows disease to eat his life away, without doing all he can to cure it, commits suicide.

Some diseases can be cured by certain remedies only. Dyspepsia is one of these. Indigestion is another. There is only one remedy for all Stomach Diseases. That remedy is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Fortunately, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for all these diseases. They cure quickly. Their effect is immediate. Their cure is permanent. It is certain. Every dose of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is a step away from the grave.

It is easy to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other Stomach Troubles with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Simply take one or two of them after each meal. Eat heartily, but not gluttonously. Then your cure is going on every day.

Had a Bad Appetite

Among a crowd of people gradually making their way into a music hall one evening was a very fat man, in front of whom was a pretty and slim girl. The gentleman in question was amusing himself by passing rude remarks, and squeezing the young lady. She tolerated the treatment for about ten minutes and then she turned round sharply and said:

"Please be quiet, sir; let me alone."

"All right," said the man, "but please don't eat me."

"Don't be afraid," she laughingly replied, "I never eat pork!"—"Pick-Me-Up."

Judge—So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he? McGinty—Yes, yer honor. Judge—But it seems that he didn't quite kill you, anyway. McGinty—No, bad cess to him; but 'tis wishin' he had Oi do be. Judge—Why do you wish that? McGinty—Because, thin Oi would have seen the scoundrel hanged for murder!"—"Tit-Bits."

The Zoo is just handy to the Exposition, and out beyond there is a perfectly charming country club-house, which is shared by smart men and women for many a pretty and luxurious function. I was at a luncheon there on Monday, when a dozen bright and sociable women had a reunion. They talked a lot of funny nonsense, inspired by trivial occurrences, and, as you may know, it's a knack to talk funny nonsense. The only reference to home matters I heard was the twitter of a lovely little bird about her new home, and, as she twittered in French, it shouldn't be counted very largely. Books, plays, games, jolly times, personal chaff and occasionally an onslaught of the whole bunch of laughter and applause as an unusually smart "mot" or story was given, a sudden flutter to the piano after coffee and a rattle of rag-time or a trailing waltz melody, then lingering good-byes and a mad rush to catch a train home, which did not wait to be caught. I have always had a soft spot in my heart for the Bison City, and am deeply impressed just now with the fact that it is going to be a very good place to pay a visit to next summer.

The silly season has its usual crop of inanities, and among them the shirt-waist man is being written about with a vigor worthy of a better cause. If the shirt-waist man doesn't catch pneumonia and oblige the shirt-waist woman to nurse him through it, he will come out better than he deserves these days. And, by the way, he's not so new. One of the most dandified and prominent of our political lights discovered the shirt-waist many years ago, and has worn his shirt-waist of finest flannel for his early morning rides, and enjoyed a monopoly of comfort therein, and

kept his mouth shut about it all this time. The light flannel shirt-waist may be a possible garment for general wear, and no doubt tailors may be found progressive enough to introduce it, but the ordinarily accepted shirt-waist man with his braces (the hottest harness possible, my men friends tell me), his reeking linen and his homely bifurcated garment, with its waist buckle and slack shoulder strap, is quite impossible in any society worth mentioning.

There are men whose bravery and disregard of appearances for years permitted them to occupy prominent positions on their own doorsteps, in what is now known as the shirt-waist garb. It is for the rest of the world to wonder, if not to admire. That the shirt-waist man isn't the whole of it was shown one day last week in a busy office, when a sweltering junior doffed his coat and waistcoat for a short respite, and was perceptibly ordered by the "boss" to resume them, though the mercury stood at 96 degrees in the shade. The semblance of an outer garment, however, can be evolved with propriety in the flannel shirt-waist, than which, I am told, nothing is cooler these sultry August days. LADY GAY.

Any Kind of Money.

"Do you take American money here?" is a query put at the Paris Exposition by many a citizen of our republic, particularly when, toward the end of his stay, he finds his stock of francs running low, and doesn't wish to strain his letter of credit at the Societe Generale for another five hundred of the unstable coins.

Often the answer is a shrug, even at first-class hotels. The following verbatim reply, given to a similar question on the writer's part by the smiling Boniface of a large hostelry near the Trocadero end of the fair, was therefore the more humorous in its rare exuberance.

"With ze great pleasure, monsieur, sail we take ze money, American, and ze money, Anglais as well. We take ze Spanish money also, though ze less now leetle enough of him to take since you Americans 'do him up,' what you call. We take ze Italian gold money and the papier, moreover, though zat is at a bad discount. We are happy also to take ze Russian money, and we would be most glad to take all ze German money to de las' pfennig dey haf got."

"We haf not refuse ze Turkish money as well, and ze money, Egyptian. We haf some take, moreover, of ze good, fat Transvaal sovereigns of zat he make lately. We take ze rupee de Bombay and Calcutta and ze money of Japan; and we sail not look more dan twice at ze money of ze Chinese when dey show him here—ef dey be not in iron. So you sail all fetch on your money," he cried, with a cosmopolitan smile, "and we will take him!"

"Vraiment, monsieur, dis year we take all ze money on de face of dis broad earth. Een Paree now we are—what you say in Amerique—we are 'out for ze stuff!'"—Youth's Companion.

"Anna, what must you do before everything else, to have your sins forgiven?"—"Commit the sins."—"Woman's Journal."

## PACKARD'S

Special Combination Shoe Dressing

IS PRESENTED TO YOU AS A PRESERVER OF THE LIFE AND VIGOR OF YOUR SHOES.

IT WILL NOURISH AND STRENGTHEN THE LEATHER, GIVING IT A HEALTHY WELL-KEPT APPEARANCE.

FOR SALE AT ALL SHOE STORES. 25c. & 15c. SIZES. MONTREAL.

L. H. PACKARD & CO.

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS



## Graham or Grantam?

**F**LORA is decidedly pretty. Moreover, she dresses well. Flora is my cousin, and her parent is the most peaceful-minded of country parsons, in whose home I always spend my summer holidays.

Flora has queer ideas about men. In the ordinary course of things there are only a middle-aged squire, the curate, and two young farmers in the village. But once a year we organize a tennis tournament, and then the whole countryside flocks to Dampdale, bombarding the vicarage until poor uncle has to go and write his sermons in the gardeners' cool cellar.

The middle-aged squire has two thousand a year, a mansion and estate of his own, is keenly desirous of seeing Flora wearing the family jewels, and has gone down on his knees four times.

Then there is Harry Manners, who comes down from London every summer, and who writes stories for magazines and comic songs for music-halls. He is a jolly fellow, and has excellent prospects of one day becoming an editor; so that Flora could not do better, in default of the squire. She declares the squire is too selfish—just fancy, with £2,000 a year!—and that Harry shows scarcely sufficient good taste in the selection of his songs. As for that curate—who, of course, worships Flora—we need mention him, which is the only comfort I can derive from the affairs of my ungrateful cousin.

The tennis tournament came round, and everything did fair to pass off beautifully. The squire had a household of jolly people, and Harry Manners brought down a friend—a well-known novelist, and a particularly handsome man, with whom, I noted, Flora appeared to be much taken. I therefore made a few inquiries, and discovered much that was of interest. He said his last book for £1,000, and averages three volumes a year.

I did not lay these facts before Flora, because, like a foolish girl, she persists in thinking I am a mercenary. I kept my eyes wide open, and actually entertained the squire and Harry all the evening, whilst she strolled about the grounds with Graham. That night I slept well. Flora had let fall a confidence, and I was satisfied.

One of the most interesting functions in connection with the tennis tournament is the draw for the mixed-doubles competition. We are not allowed to choose our partners, but each lady draws the name of a gentleman on a slip of paper, which, of course, causes all sorts of fun and little jealousies. I knew whom Flora wanted, and I meant to contrive it, if I could. I smuggled myself into the room where the slips of paper were, and, though it was dark, and I had no matches, I managed to decipher the name "Graham," and folded up the paper again, with a small pearl button inside, so that Flora could easily feel it.

Fortunately, when the time came, she happened to be chosen first to draw her slip. I had, of course, told her what I had done, and she seemed pleased. Graham had undoubtedly made the best of his time. She fumbled about in the box for some moments, drew forth a slip, and read out the name of Mr. Grantam, the curate!

I was horrified! I glanced at that horrid curate, and saw his face cloud as he noticed Flora's pout of displeasure. But I bit my lip, and decided that it should not be. The chances of the best match that could possibly happen should not be ruined by that curate if a woman's cleverness could prevent it. I called Flora to one side. She was on the point of crying.

"Oh, why did you play me such a trick?" she exclaimed.

"Trick?" I retorted. "My dear girl, I, too, am a victim; and the perpetrators the miserable half-light in uncle's study, and the abominable similarity in names."

"Well, I won't play with him!" she cried.

"No, dear, you shan't," I assured her. "I'll see to that."

"How?"

"I'll send him to pay a call on an alling person three or four miles off."

"Oh, poor fellow; that would be a shame!"

There, that is just Flora. I never knew a nicer girl as a friend, but she is so absolutely tender-hearted that she could never succeed in any enterprise that needed a little tact. But this time I was determined to have my own way.

"Now, silly girl," I said, "you know you want Graham, and not that impossible curate."

"Of course, I prefer him," she admitted.

"Then, unless you wish to scorn my help, you will do as I say. I've done my best so far, but an accident in a name has upset my calculations; so that, as I have got you into the trouble, it is my bounden duty to get you out."

"Yes, dear; but what do you propose?"

"To send a note to Mr. Grantam purporting to come from a sick person in the next village. It will be a capital test of his earnestness, too; and if he goes, and forsakes his charming partner, I'll really believe him to be almost as good as uncle makes him out. But he must go, for I've quite made up my mind he shall not play; and, as Mr. Graham was drawn for a bye, we can surely arrange to pair off? Now what do you say?"

"Oh, of course; you have arranged it all so cleverly. But it is hard on Mr. Grantam. Poor fellow! What will he say when he finds out?"

"Never mind; run away."

I wrote a note in a feigned hand, signed it with the name of a bed-ridden old lady I had heard of in a village some miles away, and gave a little boy twopenny to run about until he was hot, and then present it to the curate.

Everyone was waiting for the first set to commence, when the lad ran upon the ground, and, in the most fatigued manner—thanks to my coaching—delivered the note to the curate. I saw him open it, watched him read, and watched his face for the disgust and disappointment I had expected. But he took it quite as a matter of course, clasped his hat on his head, and strode across the lawn to look for Flora.

I had sent her to the background, and went forward to meet him.

"Are you looking for Miss Eldridge?" she has gone in the house for a few minutes."

"Yes," he replied. "Would you mind telling her that I am called away hurriedly to see an alling parishioner at Upper Littleton? I am bitterly disappointed at having to forsake her; but I know she will excuse me, for I cannot ignore this appeal."

"It is very noble of you to go. Mr. Grantam will be very sorry."

As I had succeeded so far, so did my efforts bear fruit throughout the afternoon. Flora was paired off with Graham as a mutual arrangement, and they actually succeeded in winning their competition. Moreover, once, when I went to look for my cousin, they were sitting in a very secluded arbor, and I could have declared that he was holding her hand. Both the squire and Harry Manners were in a fearful temper, of course, and went off together to play billiards at the Hall. But, then, they were quite out of the question now, and I was certain that Flora had at least been sensible.

That night she told me a little. Flora is a very careful girl, but I could see that he had not actually proposed. Well, perhaps it was rather too soon to expect it, and another couple of days might be early enough for good taste. But he meant it; and she—well, if he had spoken that night she would have become Mrs. Gilbert Graham, wife of the talented novelist, who makes £1,000 out of each of his books, and writes three volumes a year. What a prospect for a country parson's daughter!

"Just fancy! Mr. Grantam has never called for a whole week—no since the tournament!" said Flora.

"Both Mr. Grantam!" I exclaimed, for I was in the midst of an interesting passage in Mr. Graham's latest novel. "By the way, Flora, is Gilbert expected this week-end?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Yes; I think so. Well, I suppose it's becoming to affect indifference when a man with £2,000 a year is coming down on purpose to propose to you."

She made no reply.

"Do you think Mr. Grantam is offended?" she asked presently.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," I said. "To tell the truth, it's a very strong probability. But I shall be very much offended if, after all I have done for you, you persist in troubling your conscience about that curate."

She said nothing further, but I could see that she was uneasy. At dinner that evening she was pale and nervous. The vicar was so quiet and solemn that I feared he must have discovered the trick we had played upon his favorite curate. There was an air of melancholy over all, and I determined that I would know the truth.

"Uncle, what has become of Mr. Grantam?" I asked.

The vicar looked over his glasses at us both, and I had never seen him so severe.

"I have very bad news for you, my dears," he said, in a broken, kindly voice, that contrasted strangely with what I had expected to hear. "I would have kept it from you if it were possible; but some day you must know, and it is better to unburden my heart. A terrible outbreak of typhoid has occurred at Upper Littleton, and one of the worst cases was that of poor old Mrs. Webster, the bed-ridden old woman I have so often spoken of. On the day of our tennis tournament a note was handed to poor Grantam, imploring him to go and see the old lady. Poor dear lad! Although he knew he risked his life, he went like a man, but foolishly without precautions. Now he is down with the fever, and I am hourly expecting to hear the worst."

I gasped. Then my forged note had conveyed too real a meaning!

Flora had fainted.

"We have gradually nursed him back to life," ran a letter I received from the vicar a fortnight later, when I had returned to London. "He passed the critical stage the day you left, and is gaining strength daily. It has been a terrible time, but he has been very patient. Flora will write to you shortly."

Flora did write. This is what she said:

"Of course, we had to postpone Mr. Graham's visit, and I don't expect he will care to come when you are not

here. Of course, I am very grateful to you for all you have done for me. It was so good of you. Poor Fred Grantam is gradually getting stronger. He is so good and brave. I wish you could know him now. I think you would admire him immensely, for I never knew a man who was so good."

I burned that letter. It was too demoralizing to read a second time. I knew what it meant. Flora's heart was too tender to allow her to make a good match. Fancy that despised curate spoken of as the best of men! And there was Gilbert Graham, with three thousand a year, dying to see her again!

A letter has just arrived from my cousin:

"The Vicarage, Dampdale. 'Dearest Norah,—You will be delighted to hear that Mr. Grantam is quite convalescent, and is staying with us until he goes away to Scotland for his holiday. I have never forgiven myself for my part in the cruel trick that almost cost his life, and I know you, too, must feel awful about it. I wondered if he could ever forgive us, so one evening, when we were alone, I cried awfully. He was so nice. He said it was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to him, and that he was truly grateful to you for furthering his interests. Your loving coz,

"P.S.—I must tell you he asked me to marry him, and I think it will be some time next spring."

"The Fate of Finding."

A Sad Story of Blasted Fortune.

I CAN count the memorable occasions upon which I have "found" anything, without the least strain upon my questionable mathematical abilities. They stand out prominently in my mind, as oases in the desert where I concluded that, after all, perhaps I was destined to be the favored of fortune, in spite of the long stretch of evidence to the contrary. Those few drops in the cup of woe have sweetened the whole course of my life up to date. They have kept me continually looking forward for something to turn up.

But never in my most optimistic moments had I dreamed of finding anything as gigantic as a purse. Not even when I spied the crooked ten-cent piece on the sidewalk on the way to school. To be sure, on that historic occasion Hoggy Higgins, who was in a much lower class than I was, but who had already displayed talents that have since made him the wonderful man of business he is, demanded "havers."

But sharing the money with Hoggy couldn't conquer that feeling of exultation and self-confidence that welled up in my bosom to find that I was not forgotten of the gods. I was being watched over, and although I wasn't getting much yet, I was being saved for something great. The crooked ten-cent piece was not of itself so valuable; it was the message it brought that I was favored, that fate was hanging near and was kind, if not overly demonstrative.

I can recall the first direct evidence that the path I was treading led to eventual success, which came to me. I had always had a suspicion of it. It was born in me. As soon as I could think, it occurred to me that I was destined for great heights. We all are, I imagine, more or less, though every body's idea doesn't take the same form. Mine took that of a horse car driver.

I was lying flat on my little stomach on a hand-sleigh when it came—this direct evidence. My well-beloved brother, who was a year and a half younger than I was, and consequently less admired of the gods, was laboriously tugging at the traces. In order to acquire a fictitious sense of speed, I hung my head between the runners and gazed at the snow. It whizzed past under me like a white squall. I felt I was riding in the clouds; the world was far away.

Suddenly I was brought back. Something had caught my eye as it flew past. There was another and another. I waited for no more. With wonderful presence of mind I raised my head and rolled off the sleigh.

My brother trotted soberly on for a few yards and then the lightness of his load suddenly appealed to his intellect, an intellect clouded, for the nonce, by drowsiness. He looked back over his shoulder and stopped. He saw him whom the gods delighted to honor, his elder brother, groveling in the snow and picking up money. With a shriek he flung himself on his face to grovel, too.

But the elder brother is fortune's son and heir. I found three coppers, my young brother sorrow and vexation of spirit. He refused to continue a beast of burden, and walked slowly home, his eyes held steadfastly on the ground. I followed with the sleigh, buoyed with elation. I knew he might look till doomsday and never find anything. I felt sure that I myself, being fortune's child, might find something any time. But I didn't expect it that day. It is misfortunes that never come singly.

That was years ago. I have found a crooked ten cent piece, a Yankee nickel and a variety of tobacco stamps since. I have lost a dollar bill, and a pocketful of small change in the same time. The high hopes of youth have been tempered, though not blasted. But I no longer looked to find a concealed treasure. A twenty-five cent piece, a Fenian medal or a bunch of car tickets have long been the limits of my highest ambition. Imagine then the burst of feeling that overcame me the other evening on perceiving a purse lying in the public path. In a second all the old-time elation spread through my system. Proof! Proof! when I had long doubted. Destiny was on my side. But even as I stooped to pick it up I realized it was too late. Fifteen years ago it would have been a fortune. Now it was a well-worn woman's purse. Fifteen years ago it would have been the summit of my fancy's dream. Now I knew I could probably spend every cent in it and still be in debt. And worst of all, fifteen years ago, finders were keepers. Now you have to advertise for the owner. I had grown honest.

In the reaction of disappointment I

slipped the purse into my overcoat pocket without opening it. Two hours later, when safe at home, I emptied it calmly, without a trace of the old delicious excitement with which I remember I found a cent in the pocket of an old pair of trousers and spent it on a pea-blower. I counted two dollars and sixty-seven cents, a yellow car ticket, a bill from a butcher, a receipt for four thirty-five, a clipping from a newspaper containing a poem on Baby's Hair, a piece of ribbon screwed up in tissue paper, a ticket for a church social, a small pair of very dull scissors and a piece of string.

The next day I advertised asking for a full description of contents. I received six replies. All took it for granted I had found their property and gave minute directions as to where to send it and the reward to expect. All six purses contained exactly the same articles except that some of the poetry was about Babies' Toes, most of them held more money and two of them had no scissors. However, the rightful owner got it, after paying the advertising expenses. As for me, I'm afraid that life is but an empty dream.

S. H.

Sad For the Climbers.

SOUTH AFRICA isn't so very far off after all! The following bits of gossip from an observant press-woman in Cape Town may be interesting to Toronto society, even while they may give it the shivers.

"Society as represented at the Cape, is necessarily very mixed. Of course we have the military and their womankind, the naval men and their little lot, wholesale merchants whether retired or not, some few private families, and, last but not least, the nouveaux riches. The latter, to give them their due, manage pretty quickly to pick up the fashions of their neighbors, who are sometimes better off than they in the matter of blue blood, if not in regard to their banking accounts. The position of premier grand dame of Cape society is no sine cure, and at times our Governor's wives were harshly criticised. Take Lady Frere, for instance. The lady adopted drastic measures to insure the purity of the gubernatorial society receptions, and made it her business to know the people she could have about Government House, and those she could not. Several 'society' people received their conge under her regime, a curt little note being sent to the 'undesirables' saying that Lady Frere regretted having to strike so and so's name off the Government House visiting list. One young fellow who had blue blood and money to boot, took his 'pill' badly; for it was not by any means 'sugar-coated.' He was going to demand explanations, etc., but quickly cried piteously when he learnt all that Lady Frere knew. Another case was a lady whose father held a position in a sister colony. This lady was going home 'under a cloud.' Lady Frere wrote to warn her, on her arrival in Cape Town, that she did not expect to see her at Government House. But people 'under clouds' have often great assurance, and this lady was no exception. Quite undaunted, she put in her appearance at the reception a day or two after, and her name being duly announced, she entered and made her way to Lady Frere, who, looking over her head, and ignoring her outstretched hand, quietly asked her aide-de-camp in attendance to see the lady to her carriage. It was an awkward contretemps, but there was no help for it. In the best interests of society it was the correct thing to do; this lady's unhappy state had filtered through to her ears, and Lady Frere was obliged to do what must have pained her very much. The amount of 'greasing of the wheels' practised in present Cape society is something astonishing, properly accredited society dames not being above turning an honest penny, as often as not taking doubtful people under their wings and obtaining for them the run of Government House. Some ladies are paid handsomely for so doing, one lady residing in the suburbs being particularly successful in this line. By the ordinary parvenu the fact of visiting at Government House is viewed as the grand coup which will be the 'open sesame' to all ranks in present Cape society. I was much struck by travelling by this a few weeks back while traveling by town by an afternoon train. A very overdressed 'lady' entered my compartment at a certain station and a very quietly dressed lady was sitting opposite me. The over-dressed one gave her a very slight bow, and proceeded to inform this lady in particular, and the occupants of the compartment in general, that she was on her way to the reception at Government House. 'Are you not going?'

"P.S.—I must tell you he asked me to marry him, and I think it will be some time next spring."

"The Fate of Finding."

A Sad Story of Blasted Fortune.

I CAN count the memorable occasions upon which I have "found" anything, without the least strain upon my questionable mathematical abilities. They stand out prominently in my mind, as oases in the desert where I concluded that, after all, perhaps I was destined to be the favored of fortune, in spite of the long stretch of evidence to the contrary. Those few drops in the cup of woe have sweetened the whole course of my life up to date. They have kept me continually looking forward for something to turn up.

But never in my most optimistic moments had I dreamed of finding anything as gigantic as a purse. Not even when I spied the crooked ten-cent piece on the sidewalk on the way to school. To be sure, on that historic occasion Hoggy Higgins, who was in a much lower class than I was, but who had already displayed talents that have since made him the wonderful man of business he is, demanded "havers."

But sharing the money with Hoggy couldn't conquer that feeling of exultation and self-confidence that welled up in my bosom to find that I was not forgotten of the gods. I was being watched over, and although I wasn't getting much yet, I was being saved for something great. The crooked ten-cent piece was not of itself so valuable; it was the message it brought that I was favored, that fate was hanging near and was kind, if not overly demonstrative.

I can recall the first direct evidence that the path I was treading led to eventual success, which came to me. I had always had a suspicion of it. It was born in me. As soon as I could think, it occurred to me that I was destined for great heights. We all are, I imagine, more or less, though every body's idea doesn't take the same form. Mine took that of a horse car driver.

I was lying flat on my little stomach on a hand-sleigh when it came—this direct evidence. My well-beloved brother, who was a year and a half younger than I was, and consequently less admired of the gods, was laboriously tugging at the traces. In order to acquire a fictitious sense of speed, I hung my head between the runners and gazed at the snow. It whizzed past under me like a white squall. I felt I was riding in the clouds; the world was far away.

Suddenly I was brought back. Something had caught my eye as it flew past. There was another and another. I waited for no more. With wonderful presence of mind I raised my head and rolled off the sleigh.

My brother trotted soberly on for a few yards and then the lightness of his load suddenly appealed to his intellect, an intellect clouded, for the nonce, by drowsiness. He looked back over his shoulder and stopped. He saw him whom the gods delighted to honor, his elder brother, groveling in the snow and picking up money. With a shriek he flung himself on his face to grovel, too.

But the elder brother is fortune's son and heir. I found three coppers, my young brother sorrow and vexation of spirit. He refused to continue a beast of burden, and walked slowly home, his eyes held steadfastly on the ground. I followed with the sleigh, buoyed with elation. I knew he might look till doomsday and never find anything. I felt sure that I myself, being fortune's child, might find something any time. But I didn't expect it that day. It is misfortunes that never come singly.

That was years ago. I have found a crooked ten cent piece, a Yankee nickel and a variety of tobacco stamps since. I have lost a dollar bill, and a pocketful of small change in the same time. The high hopes of youth have been tempered, though not blasted. But I no longer looked to find a concealed treasure. A twenty-five cent piece, a Fenian medal or a bunch of car tickets have long been the limits of my highest ambition. Imagine then the burst of feeling that overcame me the other evening on perceiving a purse lying in the public path. In a second all the old-time elation spread through my system. Proof! Proof! when I had long doubted. Destiny was on my side. But even as I stooped to pick it up I realized it was too late. Fifteen years ago it would have been a fortune. Now it was a well-worn woman's purse. Fifteen years ago it would have been the summit of my fancy's dream. Now I knew I could probably spend every cent in it and still be in debt. And worst of all, fifteen years ago, finders were keepers. Now you have to advertise for the owner. I had grown honest.

In the reaction of disappointment I

slipped the purse into my overcoat pocket without opening it. Two hours later, when safe at home, I emptied it calmly, without a trace of the old delicious excitement with which I remember I found a cent in the pocket of an old pair of trousers and spent it on a pea-blower. I counted two dollars and sixty-seven cents, a yellow car ticket, a bill from a butcher, a receipt for four thirty-five, a clipping from a newspaper containing a poem on Baby's Hair, a piece of ribbon screwed up in tissue paper, a ticket for a church social, a small pair of very dull scissors and a piece of string.

The next day I advertised asking for a full description of contents. I received six replies. All took it for granted I had found their property and gave minute directions as to where to send it and the reward to expect. All six purses contained exactly the same articles except that some of the poetry was about Babies' Toes, most of them held more money and two of them had no scissors. However, the rightful owner got it, after paying the advertising expenses. As for me, I'm afraid that life is but an empty dream.

S. H.

Sad For the Climbers.

SOUTH AFRICA isn't so very far off after all! The following bits of gossip from an observant press-woman in Cape Town may be interesting to Toronto society, even while they may give it the shivers.

"Society as represented at the Cape, is necessarily very mixed. Of course we have the military and their womankind, the naval men and their little lot, wholesale merchants whether retired or not, some few private families, and, last but not least, the nouveaux riches. The latter, to give them their due, manage pretty quickly to pick up the fashions of their neighbors, who are sometimes better off than they in the matter of blue blood, if not in regard to their banking accounts. The position of premier grand dame of Cape society is no sine cure, and at times our Governor's wives were harshly criticised. Take Lady Frere, for instance. The lady adopted drastic measures to insure the purity of the gubernatorial society receptions, and made it her business to know the people she could have about Government House, and those she could not. Several 'society' people received their conge under her regime, a curt little note being sent to the 'undesirables' saying that Lady Frere regretted having to strike so and so's name off the Government House visiting list. One young fellow who had blue blood and money to boot, took his 'pill' badly; for it was not by any means 'sugar-coated.' He was going to demand explanations, etc., but quickly cried piteously when he learnt all that Lady Frere knew. Another case was a lady whose father held a position in a sister colony. This lady was going home 'under a cloud.' Lady Frere wrote to warn her, on her arrival in Cape Town, that she did not expect to see her at Government House. But people 'under clouds' have often great assurance, and this lady was no exception. Quite undaunted, she put in her appearance at the reception a day or two after, and her name being duly announced, she entered and made her way to Lady Frere, who, looking over her head, and ignoring her outstretched hand, quietly asked her aide-de-camp in attendance to see the lady to her carriage. It was an awkward contretemps, but there was no help for it. In the best interests of society it was the correct thing to do; this lady's unhappy state had filtered through to her ears, and Lady Frere was obliged to do what must have pained her very much. The amount of 'greasing of the wheels' practised in present Cape society is something astonishing, properly accredited society dames not being above turning an honest penny, as often as not taking doubtful people under their wings and obtaining for them the run of Government House. Some ladies are paid handsomely for so doing, one lady residing in the suburbs being particularly successful in this line. By the ordinary parvenu the fact of visiting at Government House is viewed as the grand coup which will be the 'open sesame' to all ranks in present Cape society. I was much struck by travelling by this a few weeks back while traveling by town by an afternoon train. A very overdressed 'lady' entered my compartment at a certain station and a very quietly dressed lady was sitting opposite me. The over-dressed one gave her a very slight bow, and proceeded to inform this lady in particular, and the occupants of the compartment in general, that she was on her way to the reception at Government House. 'Are you not going?'

"P.S.—I must tell you he asked me to marry him, and I think it will be some time next spring."

"The Fate of Finding."

A Sad Story of Blasted Fortune.

I CAN count the memorable occasions upon which I have "found" anything, without the least strain upon my questionable mathematical abilities. They stand out prominently in my mind, as oases in the desert where I concluded that, after all, perhaps I was destined to be the favored of fortune, in spite of the long stretch of evidence to the contrary. Those few drops in the cup of woe have sweetened the whole course of my life up to date. They have kept me continually looking forward for something to turn up.

But never in my most optimistic moments had I dreamed of finding anything as gigantic as a purse. Not even when I spied the crooked ten-cent piece on the sidewalk on the way to school. To be sure, on that historic occasion Hoggy Higgins, who was in a much lower class than I was, but who had already displayed talents that have since made him the wonderful man of business he is, demanded "havers."

But sharing the money with Hoggy couldn't conquer that feeling of exultation and self-confidence that welled up in my bosom to find that I was not forgotten of the gods. I was being watched over, and although I wasn't getting much yet, I was being saved for something great. The crooked ten-cent piece was not of itself so valuable; it was the message it brought that I was favored, that fate was hanging near and was kind, if not overly demonstrative.

I can recall the first direct evidence that the path I was treading led to eventual success, which came to me. I had always had a suspicion of it. It was born in me. As soon as I could think, it occurred to me that I was destined for great heights. We all are, I imagine, more or less, though every body's idea doesn't take the same form. Mine took that of a horse car driver.

I was lying flat on my little stomach on a hand-sleigh when it came—this direct evidence. My well-beloved brother, who was a year and a half younger than I was, and consequently less admired of the gods, was laboriously tugging at the traces. In order to acquire a fictitious sense of speed, I hung my head between the runners and gazed at the snow. It whizzed past under me like a white squall. I felt I was riding in the clouds; the world was far away.

Suddenly I was brought back. Something had caught my eye as it flew past. There was another and another. I waited for no more. With wonderful presence of mind I raised my head and rolled off the sleigh.

My brother trotted soberly on for a few yards and then the lightness of his load suddenly appealed to his intellect, an intellect clouded, for the nonce, by drowsiness. He looked back over his shoulder and stopped. He saw him whom the gods delighted to honor, his elder brother, groveling in the snow and picking up money. With a shriek he flung himself on his face to grovel, too.

But the elder brother is fortune's son and heir. I found three coppers, my young brother sorrow and vexation of spirit. He refused to continue a beast of burden, and walked slowly home, his eyes held steadfastly on the ground. I followed with the sleigh, buoyed with elation. I knew he might look till doomsday and never find anything. I felt sure that I myself, being fortune's child, might find something any time. But I didn't expect it that day. It is misfortunes that never come singly.

That was years ago. I have found a crooked ten cent piece, a Yankee nickel and a variety of tobacco stamps since. I have lost a dollar bill, and a pocketful of small change in the same time. The high hopes of youth have been tempered, though not blasted. But I no longer looked to find a concealed treasure. A twenty-five cent piece, a Fenian medal or a bunch of car tickets have long been the limits of my highest ambition. Imagine then the burst of feeling that overcame me the other evening on perceiving a purse lying in the public path. In a second all the old-time elation spread through my system. Proof! Proof! when I had long doubted. Destiny was on my side. But even as I stooped to pick it up I realized it was too late. Fifteen years ago it would have been a fortune. Now it was a well-worn woman's purse. Fifteen years ago it would have been the summit of my fancy's dream. Now I knew I could probably spend every cent in it and still be in debt. And worst of all, fifteen years ago, finders were keepers. Now you have to advertise for the owner. I had grown honest.

In the reaction of disappointment I

slipped the purse into my overcoat pocket without opening it. Two hours later, when safe at home, I emptied it calmly, without a trace of the old delicious excitement with which I remember I found a cent in the pocket of an old pair of trousers and spent it on a pea-blower. I counted two dollars and sixty-seven cents, a yellow car ticket, a bill from a butcher, a receipt for four thirty-five, a clipping from a newspaper containing a poem on Baby's Hair, a piece of ribbon screwed up in tissue paper, a ticket for a church social, a small pair of very dull scissors and a piece of string.

The next day I advertised asking for a full description of contents. I received six replies. All took it for granted I had found their property and gave minute directions as to where to send it and the reward to expect. All six purses contained exactly the same articles except that some of the poetry was about Babies' Toes, most of them held more money and two of them had no scissors. However, the rightful owner got it, after paying the advertising expenses. As for me, I'm afraid that life is but an empty dream.

S. H.

Sad For the Climbers.

SOUTH AFRICA isn't so very far off after all! The following bits of gossip from an observant press-woman in Cape Town may be interesting to Toronto society, even while they may give it the shivers.

"Society as represented at the Cape, is necessarily very mixed. Of course we have the military and their womankind, the naval men and their little lot, wholesale merchants whether retired or not, some few private families, and, last but not least, the nouveaux riches. The latter, to give them their due, manage pretty quickly to pick up the fashions of their neighbors, who are sometimes better off than they in the matter of blue blood, if not in regard to their banking accounts. The position of premier grand dame of Cape society is no sine cure, and at times our Governor's wives were harshly criticised. Take Lady Frere, for instance. The lady adopted drastic measures to insure the purity of the gubernatorial society receptions, and made it her business to know the people she could have about Government House, and those she could not. Several 'society' people received their conge under her regime, a curt little note being sent to the 'undesirables' saying that Lady Frere regretted having to strike so and so's name off the Government House visiting list. One young fellow who had blue blood and money to boot, took his 'pill' badly; for it was not by any means 'sugar-coated.' He was going to demand explanations, etc., but quickly cried piteously when he learnt all that Lady Frere knew. Another case was a lady whose father held a position in a sister colony. This lady was going home 'under a cloud.' Lady Frere wrote to warn her, on her arrival in Cape Town, that she did not expect to see her at Government House. But people 'under clouds' have often great assurance, and this lady was no exception. Quite undaunted, she put in her appearance at the reception a day or two after, and her name being duly announced, she entered and made her way to Lady Frere, who, looking over her head, and ignoring her outstretched hand, quietly asked her aide-de-camp in attendance to see the lady to her carriage. It was an awkward contretemps, but there was no help for it. In the best interests of society it was the correct thing to do; this lady's unhappy state had filtered through to her ears, and





## MUSIC

ACCORDING to the "Scientific American" a Chicago inventor has produced a musical bicycle, designed for the purpose of furnishing music for the rider of the wheel and his companions, in order to break the monotony during long and tedious runs. The mechanism which is quite simple is mounted on an iron frame made to fit into that of the machine. On this frame are fitted piano wires, while on the cross piece are some small hammers operated by pins on a cylinder and made to strike the wires. The cylinder is operated by gears placed at its left hand end, and driven from the crank shaft by a cord and pulley. The inventor foresees that the rider may tire of the music, has provided a small lever for throwing out the gears and thus stopping the cylinder. The tune may be varied by putting in new cylinders, and the time of the air may be quickened by increasing the speed of the wheel. One can imagine that the new machine can be made to serve a variety of useful purposes. If one has a rival in love, living say on Jarvis street, one can ride up and down past his house, grinding out on the machine "Why Don't You Get a Lady of Your Own?" If on the other hand one wants to find favor with some sweet maiden, the cylinder can be exchanged for another that plays appealingly "I Want You Ma Honey."

A writer in the London Musical News has discovered that women despite their emotional nature can never equal men in musical art. "As producers, as composers, they have done nothing beyond second best, and not much of that. For some reason not yet understood, the feminine nature has never yet produced a Beethoven, as it has never yet produced a Shakespeare. No true woman will think of contradicting this assertion; it is a matter of fact, not a controversy. Their warmest admirers would hardly care to instance Fanny Henselt, Santini-Dolby, Virginia Gabriel, Mrs. Bartholomew, Miss Alice M. Smith, or Miss Rosalind Elliott as really great composers. They have done good and useful work, not to be despised or underrated; but where is the female Mascagni or Dvorak, or Tschakowsky, or Coleridge-Taylor? As imitators of men in music it must be recognized that women have failed; this does not prove that they are doomed to failure. It is useless to theorize about differences between man's and woman's nature. Science has not yet been able to explain any difference beyond a physical one, and how far that operates in the domain of intellectual creation can only be judged by facts, not by dogmatizing or theorizing. It is not easy to account for woman's success in prose fiction and her complete failure in musical production."

Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. Edward Fisher, when last heard from were in Munich, where it may be imagined that they were tempering the effects of the heat with copious draughts of that beverage which flows like water and tastes like honey for which the city is celebrated.

"It is one of the strangest facts of musical history," says a New York writer, "that the dullest and least emotional composer of the second half of the present century, Johannes Brahms, died worth 200,000 florins, whereas the melodious and infinitely more inspired Rubinstein might have starved had it not been for his piano playing. No fewer than twenty-two blood relatives of Brahms—nineteen of whom are peasants and day laborers—have been after his property; but the case has been decided against them. Brahms left no legal will, but simply expressed a desire in a letter to his publisher Simrock that his money should be divided between the Liszt Society of Hamburg and the Czerny Society of Vienna, which he afterwards changed, making the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna his sole heir. These are now the contestants."

The veteran pianist and teacher Leschetitzky celebrated his seventieth birthday a few weeks ago in Vienna, his pupils participating. Notwithstanding his age, he is said to be as busy as ever in imparting his knowledge of the art of piano playing to scores of students. According to an Austrian journalist "whole shiploads of pretty girls come to his studio from America every year." Many of them, however, have to content themselves with a lesson or two a month. He is the teacher who prepared Paderewski, Essipoff, Hambourg and Gabriellwitz for the concert stage, and whenever he has a pupil of great promise, he refuses, we are told, to accept payment for his instruction, indemnifying himself by the sums he charges those who appear to him to have more money than talent. One of the maxims of the Leschetitzky school is that the German classical masters must be interpreted in the modern romantic spirit. In spite of the objections of a certain class of critics, no pianist who refuses to adopt that maxim can hope to become a popular favorite.

Among the primitive instruments at the music exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London, are some curious specimens of old time sound producers—

the Greek phoinix, the German "onion" flute, the alto racket, or sausage bassoon, and the whit horn, which is made of a spiral twist of willow bark, pinned together with hawthorn prickles. Among the savage instruments there is a curious throat trumpet from Nyastaranga, in the Northwest Provinces.

Among the solo artists who may be expected to be heard in Toronto next season are Johann Kubertlik, the young violin virtuoso; Dohnanyi, Clara Butt, Lillian Blauvelt and Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

Mr. Harry Field will leave Toronto on his return journey to Leipzig on the 25th inst.

A performance was recently given in London of a selection of Purcell's Fairy Queen music. The libretto is an anonymous adaptation of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. The music is little known in these days, notwithstanding that it is said to be fresh, spontaneous and full of melody. It was performed for the first time in 1892, at the Dorset Gardens Theatre, London. The original score was lost, and never recovered, although \$100 reward was offered by advertisement in the London Gazette for its return. The selection under notice was gathered together from the Royal Music Library at Buckingham Palace and other sources, and a new edition is being prepared by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, and will be published by Novello. Speaking of the numbers produced at the recent performance, the "Musical Times" says: "Among the songs which particularly took one's fancy were 'Hark! Hark! the echoing air, a delightful soprano duet; 'Oh! Let Me Weep (contralto), an air with a beautiful violin obligato; the Song of the Four Seasons (a song cycle), and the exquisite duet, Now the Maids and the Men. The instrumental selections were equally captivating, the only fault that could be found with them was that they were too short. The accompaniments were played by a quintette of strings." Here will be a good opportunity for our choirmasters to introduce some of this music of the great English master to the Toronto public.

The following by Rupert Hughes in the Musical Record should be of special interest to teachers of harmony at the Conservatory and College of Music: "The text books are singularly reticent on the fact that the rules they build up so painfully apply to certain harmonic territory, and are just reversed in other districts. Take progressions in thirds and sixths, for instance; the sweetest third and sixth grow raucous when written in the lower ranges (as many of the chords of Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms attest), and the rank fifth becomes solemn and gorgeous. A glance at the theory of overtones and the natural scale explains this. In the higher reaches other rules misapply. In fact, much of our harmony is an obsolete heirloom from the time when the orchestra was small and harum-scarum, and the ancestor of the piano was a toy of only a few medial octaves."

It is surprising to read that the city of Seattle has one of the best choirs in the United States, at St. Mark's Church. The choir consists of fifty voices and a solo quartette. There are twenty boys, twelve women, and twenty-two men, who come to two weekly rehearsals. The choir was organized ten years ago, and is now under the direction of Mr. Charles C. Englehard. The repertoire includes Gounod's Redemption, Handel's Messiah, Haydn's Creation, Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, Gounod's Gloria and Spohr's Last Judgment. In the summer months the choirmaster takes the boys for an outing. The most remarkable of these excursions has been the expedition to the summit of Mount Rainier, 14,000 feet above sea level, including a march of 140 miles through forests, with baggage and provisions for twenty-four days.

The current number of the "Musical Times" has an interesting article on the Royal Military School of Music, formerly known as Kneller Hall. It is here that the bandmasters of the British army are trained, and, judging from the rules and regulations, the training is thorough. The entrance examinations require that candidates must pass in elements of music, harmony, counterpoint (combined), instrumentation and musical biography, and must have had seven years' service as a musician. From two or three years may be accepted as the period within which a student of average qualifications and natural ability works his way from class to class before taking a place on the "qualified" form for bandmasters.

The examinations are conducted by independent professors appointed by the War Office. Before being raised to the qualified form, a student must prove that he has obtained proficiency as a performer on at least one particular instrument; that he has passed a course of practical instruction on all other instruments employed in military bands; and in the orchestra, whereby he has acquired a satisfactory knowledge of the method of fingering, correct manner of blowing, etc., and is qualified to give instruction on all these instruments. He must also have obtained a first-class certificate of education. Really, the future bandmasters of the British Army ought to reflect credit on the service.

CHERUBINO.

"What do you mean," said an irate guest at a seaside hotel, "by sending me to a room with no curtains on the windows facing the streets?"

"Dot was all right," replied the foreign man-servant, "der glass was so dirty dat no curtains vore needed."

## Evolution and the "Strenuous Life."

MAN in peace is a domesticated animal; he lives in security and his fighting instincts become dulled. Hence he runs the risk of defeat at the hands of more warlike, though less civilized, tribes. So argues M. Felix Le Dantec in an article in the "Revue Encyclopedique," entitled "Peace and Decadence." Says this writer:

"We love to dream of universal and everlasting peace; we are apt to see always the cruel and sad side of war in stead of its heroic side; we are as longer in that barbaric period of the world's history when martial qualities were regarded as the highest of the many virtues. We now look upon thinkers and scientific men as the true elite of humanity, and it is only in times of unthinking enthusiasm that we admire conquerors. Such periods of enthusiasm must be regarded as hereditary remnants of the feelings of a past age, whose only glory was in victory. The dream of a Tolstoy is infinitely finer than the career of a Napoleon, but if we can see to the bottom of things we shall find that this dream is a Utopia; we must have war or its equivalent if men are to remain brave, and we must have injustice if men are to remain just. The human species is a poor thing!"

"The two great evolutionists, Lamarck and Darwin, agree in demonstrating that races degenerate in times of prosperity. . . . With Darwin, the factor of progressive evolution is natural selection, that is to say, the disappearance of the least favored individuals in favor of the most fit; but alas! in the history of prosperous races we find an inverse artificial selection that fatally determines a regressive evolution. The affections of man for his kind induce him to care for the diseased individuals who, left to themselves, would certainly have disappeared; but the condition that there should be a considerable amount of prosperity in this country; in a poor country or one in war, inferior individuals have less chance of preservation."

Exactly the contrary of this is true, M. Le Dantec tells us, in the case of domestic animals. In rich countries, the inferior animals are willingly sacrificed and the breed is kept up; while in poor regions the owners have so few animals that they are unwilling to give up even the inferior ones, and the breed falls off. Man is doing for himself in prosperous countries—he is keeping carefully all the inferior types, and this is a prime cause of the decadence due to prosperity. So much for the effect of selection. Lamarck's teachings show us that another set of forces is working in the same direction and that we cannot withstand them, for they are the result of existence itself. Says the writer:

"Lamarck teaches us that our organs are developed by exercise and atrophied by inactivity, and that the results of this development or atrophy are transmitted by heredity. Animals that live in a state of nature are alive because they have resisted all destructive agencies, and they do this by means of special organs that are continually being exercised. Now the man of a prosperous race has succeeded in sheltering himself from these destructive agencies without having to struggle against them; he therefore loses progressively the use of all the organs that give him power to fight directly against the elements."

Take, for instance, the destructive agency of cold, says M. Le Dantec. Wild animals are able to resist this successfully, but man avoids cold instead of fighting it; hence, if exposed to wintry weather without clothing, he would inevitably perish. This is also true in the case of all other destructive agencies; civilized races are becoming less and less fit to contend individually against hostile environment because they grow up amid conditions where such strife is unnecessary. Domestic animals generally die when returned to the wild state. To quote M. Le Dantec's final paragraph: "The state of domesticity with animals corresponds to the state of prolonged peace with man, because of the resulting state of security. See the ears of a dog; they are often hanging and very slightly movable. The ancestors of the dog, in their wild state, had very movable ears like those of the wolves; their ears were always erect because of the dangers they encountered. The muscles that made the ears of the wild dogs so admirable a defensive weapon have atrophied progressively."

"In the man who has lived long in peace, the warlike instincts become softened; we strive against this progressive atrophy by means of the physical exercises called sports, which are a sort of imitation of war; but that does not prevent the decadence of certain parts of our nature. The more we live in peace, the more horror we have of war. We admire no more those whom our ancestors honored above all, and so we find ourselves in a fatal condition of inferiority compared with those peoples whose barbaric instincts have been preserved to the detriment of their moral and intellectual development. It has always been thus: the Romans conquered the Greeks. But, after all, was it not more honor to France to produce a Pasteur than a Napoleon?"

## A Fairy Story.

Sister (finishing the story): And so they were married and lived happily ever afterward.

Tommy: And is that why you call it a fairy story?

"How does your girl treat you, John?" asked the mother.

"She doesn't treat me at all, mother; I am obliged to treat her every time."

Lord Russell of Killowen (when Sir Charles Russell) was once questioning a witness about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel; "were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no,"

said the witness, honestly; "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound he said: "I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir, replied the patient, "it wasn't a animal; it was another lady."—"Plot."

"I must be full of electricity," said C. proudly. "When I stroke a cat, all her hairs stand on end."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied T.; "my dog can make her do that by just looking at her."

Muriel—Your brother proposed to me during the service in church last Sunday. Zoe—You mustn't mind him. He often talks in his sleep.—"Smart Set."

Teacher—In the sentence, "Patrick beat John with his fists," what is Patrick? Bright Boy—He's Irish.—Philadelphia "Press."

"It must be conceded that modern warfare is far less inhuman than the fights our ancestors used to have." "Yes," answered Oom Paul; "I don't believe the proudest warriors of Greece or Rome ever enjoyed the luxury of retreating in a private car."—Washington "Star."

Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old just hear him take all the credit to himself for his virtuous youth.

"What's a storm center, pa?"

"A storm center is that member of a family who remains as cool as a cucumber while he makes all the rest raging mad."—Chicago "Record."

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 2, 1884  
1883  
**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC  
COLLEGE STREET.  
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director  
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities  
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST MUSIC SCHOOL  
AND STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA.  
Attendance 1,150 Last Season.  
14th Season Opens September 3, 1900  
CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS FREE

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION  
MAUDE MASSON, Principal.  
Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature, Orthoepy, Psychology, Pedagogy.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC  
ESTABLISHED 1884

Has removed from 205 Bloor east and is now permanently established at

444 SHERBOURNE STREET.

Pupils admitted at any time.  
For particulars address  
C. FARRINGER, Principal.  
Tel. 3572.

MR. RECHAB TANDY  
TENOR  
VOICE CULTURE AND ARTISTIC SINGING  
Oratorio, Concert and Church engagements accepted. Address: Conservatory of Music, or 54 Cecil St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

J. D. A. TRIPP  
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher  
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetitzky.  
Residence and Studio, 343 Jarvis Street.  
Telephone 4499.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT  
MR. H. M. FIELD  
Pianist of Leipzig, Germany,  
will accept pupils for the months of July and August at 165 Gloucester street.

VIOLIN LESSONS  
J. W. BAUMANN  
Bishop Strachan School.  
Miss Veale's School.  
St. Margaret's College.  
Mrs. Neville's School

J. Frances Byford  
CONCERT PIANIST  
For several years pupil of Prof. Martin Krause of Leipzig, Germany.  
Pupils and Concert engagements accepted.  
Studio—589 Spadina Avenue.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH  
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)  
PRIVATE PIANO INSTRUCTION  
Harmony, Composition, etc. Training students for the profession and finished solo piano playing a specialty. Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E., Toronto. Residence telephone 6212.

MISS FLORENCE MARSHALL  
CONCERT PIANIST  
Pupil of Herr Martin Krause and Mr. H. M. Field, of Leipzig  
Will receive pupils for the piano.  
Address—328 Wellesley Street.

MR. A. S. VOGT  
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 331 Bloor Street West.

J. W. F. HARRISON  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veale's School.  
15 Dundas Road - - - - - Nordheimer's.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.  
SINGING—Pupil of Mr. W. E. Haslam. PIANO—Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field. Teacher at Haverall College and College of Music. Address 71 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music.

GEO. E. BRAME, Baritone Vocalist.  
Teacher of Singing, Piano and Theory. Specialist in sight-singing.  
Studio 16 Pembroke Street.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC  
And School of Elocution  
A MUSICAL EDUCATION.  
Exceptional advancement offered students who attend this college—famed for the artistic character of its education.  
—Send for new prospectus and syllabus.  
College opens September 3.  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.  
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal School of Elocution. NELLY BERRYMAN, Vice-Principal.  
12-14 Pembroke St., Toronto.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE  
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal  
MISS NELLIE BERRYMAN, Vice-Principal  
All experienced teachers with established reputation. Special classes in Dramatic Art, Oratory, Literature and Platform work. All form of expression thoroughly taught. Voice culture by an expert. Calendar Mailed Free.

ADAM DOCKRAY  
TENOR  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.  
Residence—79 Charles Street.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH  
Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer  
Conductor Toronto Singers' Club

Voice Culture and Expression in Singing  
Has resumed instruction.  
Residence—2 Elgin Avenue  
(cor. Avenue Road).

Arthur van der Linde  
OF NEW YORK  
Voice Culture and Interpretation  
Room V, Yonge Street Arcade.

MISS AMY ROBSART JAFFRAY  
MEZZO-SOPRANO  
Tone production and artistic singing. Concert engagements accepted. Studio, Nordheimer's. Reception hour 3 to 4, Thursdays. Address, 194 Bloor St. West. Phone 4426.

MISS MARY E. NOLAN  
Voice Culture and Vocal Music  
Pupil of the eminent teacher, Senor Manuel Garcia, and of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, with thirteen years' experience as church choir soloist and teacher of vocal music in New York City. At the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK  
MASTER OF SINGING  
SOLO TENOR  
STUDIO—Room A, Nordheimer's, TORONTO, ONT.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY  
Bass, Guitar and Mandolin Solos  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Yacht Club, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN  
PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER  
Pupil of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and Richard Hoffmann.  
32 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of Music, also at Miss Veale's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverall College. Tel. 3391

EDWARD BARTON  
ENGLISH BASS-BARITONE  
VOICE CULTURE AND SINGING  
Dalle Sedie Method as taught in Paris. Formerly Vocal Professor Canadian College of Music, Ottawa. Residence—251 Borden St.

MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN  
SINGING  
Specialist in training vocal students for the profession. Appointments made.  
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music or 4 Pembroke Street.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART  
... SOPRANO ...  
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO  
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.  
Studio—Room 1, Yonge Street Arcade.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY  
Directress and Leader of Berkley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

W. V. ARCHIBALD  
Tenor—Teacher of Singing  
At Metropolitan College of Music  
Studio—Nordheimer's.

EDUCATIONAL.  
St. Margaret's College  
TORONTO  
A Boarding and Day School for Girls in the First Residential Part of Toronto.  
Academic Department—15 Teachers. Music Department (Vocal and Instrumental)—18 Teachers. Art Department—7 Teachers. 8 Resident Governesses. Native Teachers of French and German. Modern equipment and methods. Large Grounds. Only teachers of the highest Academic and Professional standing are employed. For circular apply to MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.

ONTARIO And Ontario Conservatory of Music.  
The only Ladies' College in Canada taking up regularly the first two years' work of Toronto University, with honors, also the entire Musical Course of Toronto Conservatory in Piano, Voice Culture, Violin, Harmony, etc. The very best facilities for the study of Fine Art, Education, Commercial and Domestic Science. Palatial building. Pronounced by His Excellency the Governor-General "Undoubtedly the best of the kind he had seen in Canada." Send for calendar to—REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL  
Higher Education for Girls  
Wykeham Hall, Toronto  
President, the Lord Bishop of Toronto. Thirty-fourth year. For calendar and particulars apply—Miss A. H. C. Lady Principal.

NOW READY  
Modern  
Pianoforte Technique  
BY A. S. VOGT  
PART I—75c. PART 2—50c.  
COMPLETE—\$1.00.  
Published by  
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.  
158 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Elsa MacPherson  
CONCERT PIANISTE  
(Diplome Leipzig Royal Conservatory.)  
Pupil of Reinecke, Zwietscher and Teichmuller  
Studio—5 Sussex Avenue. Tel. 4774.

Toronto Junction College of Music  
Miss VIA MACMILLAN, Directress  
43 High Park Ave.  
Large attendance. Send for calendar.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
7 College St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE  
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, taught by Mr. H. M. Field. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 315 John St. Phone 8266.

MRS. FRED W. LEE  
Teacher of Pianoforte  
Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field.  
381 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

LOYD N. WATKINS  
Bass, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither  
Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.  
368 Church Street.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
Third Fl., McKinnon Building, Toronto.  
(Phone 164)

N. PEARSON  
DR. CHAS. E. PEARSON  
Dentists  
have removed from Yonge Street and are now in their new office—  
56 COLLEGE STREET

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.  
UPPER LAKE SERVICE

During season of Navigation  
Upper Lakes Steamships "Alberta," "Athabasca" and "Manitoba" will leave Owen Sound Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5.20 p.m., after arrival of Steamship Express leaving Toronto at 1.30 p.m.  
Connection will be made at Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur and Fort William for all points west.

A. H. NOTMAN,  
Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
1 Wing Street East, TORONTO.

THE "BLACK DIAMOND ROUTE."  
Favorite Dining and Sleeping Car Line.  
9 a.m. Daily, 11 a.m. Daily, 3.50 Daily (Except Sunday), 7 p.m. Daily.

Black Diamond Express from Toronto at 9.00 a.m. Pullman Wide Vestibule Sleeping Car Toronto to Hamilton and Buffalo, daily. Mail from Toronto 3.50 p.m. Vestibule Parlor Car Toronto to Buffalo, except Sunday. Express from Toronto at 7 p.m. daily. Solid Vestibule Train Toronto to Buffalo. Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Car Toronto to New York. Tickets, Rates and all information from Agents Grand Trunk Railway System.

J. W. RYDER, C. P. and P.A., northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone 5307. M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent.

2444

Agreeable and polite deliverymen. A smooth white and well ironed shirt. Collars with edges smoother than new. These are some of the points in which the Standard excel.

The STANDARD-STAR LAUNDRY CO. Limited.  
'Phone 2444

One Cent Each  
FOR  
Household Linen  
AT  
THE  
Rolson Laundry Co.

PHONE 1381 For further information and free lists.



## Popularity of the Pianola

Is it strange that an instrument that has received the heartiest endorsements from such eminent musicians as Paderewski, Sauer, Moskowski, etc., should have in so short a time attained so great a popularity with the musical public?

Recent shipments have just been made to prominent citizens in Hamilton, Vancouver, Owen Sound, Beaverton, and other points.

The Pianola enables anyone to play the piano without practice and without study.

CATALOGUE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS

THE  
**Mason & Risch**  
Piano Co., Limited  
32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



Our August bulletin is a blank. You know this is our house cleaning season. We've made our profit—now we are simply giving you what is left of our summer stock at cut prices.

**Men's blue and gray unlined single-breasted serge coats to clear—**  
Regular \$2.50, cut price \$1.90  
Regular \$3.00, cut price \$2.35  
Regular \$3.50, cut price \$2.90  
Regular \$4.00, cut price \$3.25

**Men's Golf and Bicycle Suits—**  
\$1.50 buys a \$3.00 Suit  
\$2.00 buys a \$4.00 Suit  
\$2.50 buys a \$5.00 Suit  
\$3.00 buys a \$6.00 Suit

But that is only half the story. Come in and see the other half at the

**Oak Hall Stores,**  
115-121 King Street East, and  
116 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**A. E. AMES & CO.**  
BANKERS AND BROKERS  
to King St. West, Toronto

Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges.  
Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits and credit balances; draw bills of exchange; transact a General Financial Business.

A. E. AMES (Members Toronto Stock Exchange)  
E. D. FRASER

**Henry A. Taylor,**  
Draper.

My Draperie is perhaps the handsomest and one of the finest appointed in America.

I import the finest and most exclusive woollens that come to Canada.

I make a specialty of Dress Suits, Tuxedos, Haggans, Invernesses and Society Gowns generally.

Tourists and visitors are invited to inspect.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK.

Goin' Swimmin'.



CHARLIE LENNOX.  
Born Nov. 23, 1897.

The 'momenter's way up in G. An' everything is hot but me—'Cos I'm just goin' swimmin'. See? I'll paddle first, to not be 'frail. An' then I'll maybe duck my head. 'Cos that's the way my papa said To do, when you goes swimmin'.

'Course I can swim; you needn't laugh—How old am I? Two an' a half—My puppy swummed in our big baf. I guess I'm just as smart as him; You just sit still and see me swim; I'll float and dive like anythin' When I gets started swimmin'.

Whoa! Gracious—ain't the water wet? And deep—a hundred feet, you bet! I don't just flink I'll go in yet—My papa's coming by and bye—I guess I'll wait, he's strong and high. And maybe he 'ud ravver I Let him take me in swimmin'!

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. J. A. Macmurtry (nee Brodie), 55 Roxborough street, has gone to Bowmvile to visit friends of girlhood days, and before returning to the city will visit Port Hope.

Mr. Frank G. Bower, of Wilton crescent, was in Bobcaygeon, Kawartha Lakes, attending in the capacity of best man the marriage of a friend.

Mrs. Arthur Greene and little daughter, of "Soudan Villa," Rushmore road, are spending the month of August at Orchard Beach, Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Frank E. Landmeier, Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, and Miss Julie Mayer, South Norwood, Cincinnati, are the guests of Mrs. Colin J. Stalker, 22 Augusta avenue.

The guests of the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, have been making things very lively of late. Saturday a delightful dance was held, a splendid string orchestra furnishing the music. Some of the ladies' dresses were particularly noticeable. Mrs. Purse wore a handsome gown of purple foularde. Mrs. McEvoy of Ottawa was in pale blue silk. Miss Tugman, in a dainty gown of lavender peau de sole. Mrs. E. G. McConkey looked charming in black over pale blue silk. Mrs. W. J. Bradley wore a handsome gown of black satin. Mrs. Bradley is very popular among the young people. Miss Lillian Purse, the little star of the evening, wore a dainty dress of Indian silk. Miss Murgatroyd of New York wore a dainty gown of pink silk, trimmed with lace. Miss Purse looked charming in pale green silk. Miss Mills wore a very becoming gown of white organdie over yellow silk. Miss Mabel Tugman wore a very pretty gown of white satin trimmed with old point lace. On Sunday the guests were treated to a pleasant little trip to Jackson's Point, which was enjoyed by all. A jolly house party—Mr. C. F. Tugman, Mr. W. Hillock and Mr. B. W. Reford presented Mr. W. J. Bradley, the popular proprietor, with a handsome walking cane before leaving, and many speeches were made by those present.

Mr. Oliver and Mr. E. W. Oliver, Lippincott street, have been spending their holidays in Ottawa, Mattawa and Blind River, Algoma.

Among the arrivals at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are Mr. J. W. Toole of St. Marys, Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks of Elora, Mr. L. Cooper, Mrs. E. H. Bolton, Miss R. Bolton, Miss Thorburne, Miss M. Thorburne, Miss Symons and Miss Florence Tempest of Toronto, Miss Grace Howell, Mr. M. Docherty and Miss Georgie Mills of Guelph, Mr. R. A. Campbell of Hamilton, Mr. Thos. Robinson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Davis of Brantford, Mr. E. H. W. Cockam of Guelph, Mr. W. J. Bickerton, Mr. W. A. Donaghy of Woodstock, Mr. W. Cooke, Mr. John Sharp, Mrs. R. Hayter, Mrs. E. C. Berkinshaw of Toronto, Mr. and Miss Fenwick of London, Mr. James Morry of Ingersoll, Mr. John Patterson of Hamilton, Mr. Morton N. Todd of Galt.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) and Miss Frances Harrison are spending some time in the vicinity of Lakefield, Stony Lake. Mrs. Harrison is making a study of the beautiful scenery of that neighborhood for her forthcoming book.

Mr. Librarian Pardee is rusticating in Muskoka. The canoe meet has had its headquarters at Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn's Island in Muskoka. The Cockburn family having spent the summer at the seaside. Two happy members of the canoe meet were the recently wedded Mr. and Mrs. George Howell. Mr. and Mrs. Howell met at the canoe Meet in the Thousand Islands two years ago and a mutual esteem led to an engagement and their happy marriage some few weeks ago. Mrs. Howell's large acquaintance among the canoeers were delighted to have her at the Meet.

The week's engagements have included several dinners at the Hunt Club. Some of the familiar faces are seen about town again and the usual

# Caylor's Valley Violet Perfume



A true odor of fresh Violets.

READY AUGUST 29th

## The Master Christian

BY MARIE CORELLI

Paper, 75c. Cloth, \$1.25.

The most daring novel of the century. Dedicated to all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ. In the United States the advance orders had reached 100,000 copies four weeks before publication.

—HAVE YOU READ—

## The Redemption of David Corson

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

Paper, 75c. Cloth, \$1.25.

This successful novel, by CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, is told in such a strong, earnest fashion that it seems impossible to believe it fiction.

## Enoch Willoughby

(A Novel)

BY JAMES A. WICKERSHAM

Paper, 75c. Cloth, \$1.25.

This story is attracting a great deal of attention, both as a study of strenuous spiritual life and as a study of human love.

## The Purple Robe

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Paper, 75c. Cloth, \$1.25.

A grand book, brilliantly clever, absorbingly interesting and absolutely convincing. Mr. HOCKING has written many powerful novels. "A Purple Robe" excels them all.

ALL BOOKSELLERS SELL THEM

**WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,**  
29-33 Richmond Street West,  
TORONTO.

stories of good times afloat and afield are circulating. Bathing by moonlight is a luxury of the beach at St. Andrews. Some of the Dutch campers in Muskoka claim to have seen a sea-serpent in the tranquil lakes up north.

Mrs. Theo Coleman's many friends and admirers will be glad to hear that her quite serious indisposition is only temporary and that she is very much better this week. She is so much missed by her reading thousands that they will be relieved to know her clever pen is racing again in their service; those who know and prize her more personally are proportionately pleased at her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock and Miss Laing have returned from Prout's Neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald are spending the summer at French River.

The pony and dog circus has been the youngster's delight this week. On Thursday morning peaceable folk in Adelaide street tho't of a Boer Inva-

sion when they were startled by unremitting yells for about half an hour, but it was only the city newsboys getting into line for a free visit to the circus. Big and little, dirty and clean, ragged and whole, shod and barefoot they lined up by the hundreds and waked the city up!

Mr. B. B. Tesseman, son of Signor Tesseman, the well-known musician, has just returned from a very successful engagement at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and their young daughter are summering at Allandale, Miss Emily Falconbridge who has been visiting them has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth are to become Toronto residents. Mr. Hellmuth is a prominent barrister at London-the-less, and the elder son of His Lordship Bishop Hellmuth, formerly of Huron.

Mr. F. J. Ricardo-Seaver, honorary secretary Royal Canadian Yacht Club, has gone on a fortnight's holidays to Stony Lake.

### HAIRDRESSING.

**ONLY ONE CAN STOP HAIR**  
falling in four days; all scalp troubles cured; ladies' hair cut shampooed, fifty cents. Hair bought and exchanged. **TOM, from Green's, 349 Yonge Street.**

## Valuable Documents

Such as wills, legal and insurance papers should be placed in a positively secure and convenient place. Our safe deposit vaults are positively fire proof and burglar proof. Private boxes to rent (for any length of time) at a small sum. Inspection invited.

**The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited.**

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.

14 King Street West, Toronto.

Office and Safe Deposit Vaults.

President—HON. J. R. STRATTON.

T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

**CHIPPEWA, CORONA, CHICORA**  
**5 TRIPS DAILY** (except Sunday)  
Steamers leave Yonge Street Dock, (east side) at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m., connecting with the New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Niagara Falls Para & River R.R., Niagara Gorge R.R., and Michigan Central R.R.  
Passengers leaving by 4.45 boat can connect at Niagara with late boat, arriving in Toronto about 10.15 p.m.  
**JOHN FOY, Manager.**

## MADAME LA BELL

(PRENNER)

The Great European Complexion Specialist

After 17 years' successful practice in the largest cities of Europe and America gives free consultation here daily regarding any trouble or defect of Face, Hair, Hands, Feet or Figure. Guarantees to remove freckles without pain or injury to the skin, also Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hairs, etc. Massage, Manicuring and Chiroprody.

111-113 King St. West, Toronto  
OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.  
Ladies out of city invited to correspond.

**SWIMMING**  
Instruction for two weeks, commencing August 20. Satisfactory results assured. Excellent opportunity for careful, thorough training and a joyable time. City references, reasonable rates. Apply at once—  
MAC, BOX 30, SATURDAY NIGHT.

**PIANOFORTE—HARMONY**  
(Ordinary and Finishing Lessons)

**Herr Eugen Adelbert Woycke**

Member of Conservatorium der Musik, Leipzig; Piano pupil of Moscheles, Reinecke and Plaidy; harmony pupil of E. F. Richter, Hauptmann, etc. begs to intimate that he intends settling in Toronto to teach the above privately and in a class. Applications for terms, etc., to be addressed to the care of—

**Messrs. Nordheimer's Piano and Music Warehouse.**

### SUMMER RESORTS.

OPEN FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER

## QUEEN'S HOTEL AND COTTAGES

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Ten miles below Niagara Falls on Lake Ontario.  
**GOLF**—Picturesque nine and eighteen-hole links. **TENNIS**—Finest turf courts in America. **WHEELING AND RIDING**—Picturesque roads and cedar paths. **BLACK BASS FISHING**. **BEACH BATHING**. **RATES REASONABLE**. Rooms en suite and with baths.

### GEORGIAN BAY'S FAVORITE SUMMER HOTELS

## The Belvidere

Parry Sound, the most beautifully situated Hotel in the north.

## The Sans Souci

Moon River, P. O., considered the best fishing ground on the Bay. Write for Booklet.

**James K. Paisley,**  
**PROPRIETOR HOTEL,**  
Toronto, Canada.

## An Ideal Summer Resort

The Hotel Brant, Burlington, Ont.

Erected this year at a cost of \$100,000, will positively open July 2, 1900. Public and private bath-rooms, roof-garden, high class vaudeville entertainments nightly, orchestra afternoon and evening concerts. Rates, daily, \$2.00 upwards, weekly, single, \$10 to \$21, double, \$15 to \$30. Descriptive booklets on application. **WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS,** Proprietors.

## Tourists,

## Sightseers and

## Healthseekers

should patronize the famous...

## International Hotel,

SAULT STE. MARIE,

ONTARIO,

which commands a magnificent view of the picturesque "Soo" Rapids and the famous American and Canadian Ship Canals.

**LEEDS & CLARK,**  
Proprietors.

Also of...

## Algoma Inn,

MICHIPICOTON HARBOR.

NORTH SHORE LAKE SUPERIOR.

## Steamer Daily

## Lake Ontario Navigation Co., LIMITED.

## NEW FAST STEAMER

## Argyle

IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1900

Leaves Geddes Wharf (West Side Yonge St.) every Wednesday and Saturday at 10.45 a.m.

For Rochester, all Bay of Quinte Ports, Kingston, Gananoque, and Thousand Island Points.

Special Excursion every Monday, leaving Toronto at 9 p.m., to Rochester and return. For tickets, folders and information apply to all C.P.R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on Wharf.

## Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.

## AMERICA'S GREATEST SCENIC LINE

"Niagara at the Sea."

Magnificent and specially adapted steamers, leaving Toronto daily, except Sunday, calling at Rochester, Kingston, Clayton, Gananoque, and way ports, passing through the beautiful scenery of the

## 1000 ISLANDS

(The American Viceroy) and shooting all the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where connection is made with the palatial steamers for quiet old Quebec, Murray Bay and the wonderful Saguenay River. Commensal iron steamers "Hamilton" and "Algerian," constituting a semi-weekly service between Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, passing through Bay of Quinte district.

Hôtels—  
"Manoir Richelieu," at Murray Bay, Que.  
"Tadoussac," at Tadoussac, P.Q.

For information write to—  
J. F. DOLAN,  
2 King St. East, Toronto,  
or  
THOMAS HENRY,  
Traffic Manager,  
Montreal, P.Q.

## When Coming to Preston

come prepared to be photographed. Here you will find the finest gallery in Canada.

I know how to...

## PHOTOGRAPH

and wish every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT to know the fact.

This accounts for my advertising in this paper. I number some of the most discriminating people in Canada among my patrons, and wish more to know me and my work and its quality.

Any kind of a picture that can be made by any photographic artist anywhere can be made as well or better here, and many kinds that are unobtainable elsewhere in Canada. Direct to, in photos on porcelain our specialty.

## The Best Work in Canada

**James Esson**  
PRESTON



